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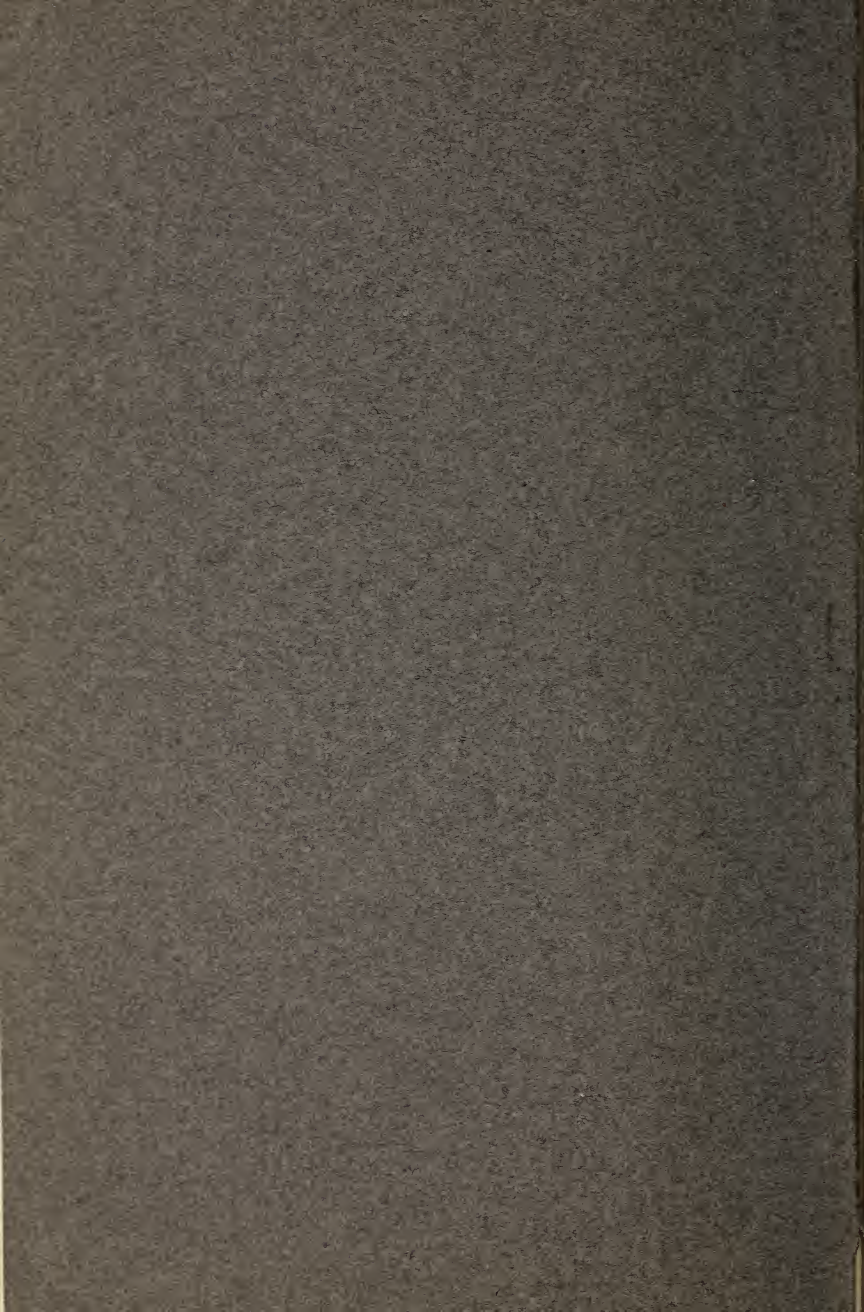


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The Life and Work
OF THE
Reverend C. C. Peirce

By
Charles Elmer Upton

PLACERVILLE, CAL.
CHARLES ELMER UPTON, PUBLISHER





REVEREND C. C. PEIRCE, RECTOR OF THE CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOR

THE LIFE AND WORK
OF
THE REVEREND C. C. PEIRCE

A TRUE FOLLOWER OF JESUS

BY
CHARLES ELMER UPTON

"No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

(*Sermon on the Mount, Matthew, 6: 24,)*



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PREFACE.

It is beyond the power of human speech adequately to portray the real character of so God-like a man as the Reverend Charles Caleb Peirce. The outward life, as seen in the daily acts of loving kindness, wisdom and forbearance, may be shown with some degree of fidelity; but the soul-essence, the innate, intangible quality that made the man what he was, can no more be put into words than we can unravel the mysteries of eternity.

Throughout his entire career: in the wealthy city tabernacle; in the humble church he built near the home of his choice; in each little wayside chapel; in the schools and educational councils; or in the halls of the various fraternal societies of which he was an honored member;—throughout all he was the same fearless, kindly champion of Right, the same faithful disciple of the lowly Carpenter of Nazareth.

It may be that I have presented certain truths regarding Mr. Peirce's parishioners in a way that will hardly please some of my readers. But I have no apology to offer; I have simply stated facts; had I written with less candor and sincerity, I should have been dishonoring the name of a man whose whole life was a constant battle for Truth and Justice.

I hereby acknowledge my indebtedness to the following persons and to all others who have assisted me with infor-

mation, advice, and the use of photographs and other materials: Mr. James Peirce of Cincinnati, O., and Mrs. Wm. Mode of Coatesville, Pa., brother and sister of the late Reverend C. C. Peirce; to his niece, Mrs. John A. Johnson, Covington, Ky.; Mr. H. B. Mackoy, secretary of the Literary Club of Cincinnati; Bishop Moreland of Sacramento; Mrs. D. W. Gelwicks of Oakland; Miss Alice Bailey and Messrs. Wm. Bland, C. H. Weatherwax, Shelley Inch, Sr., M. Mayer and A. S. Bosquit, all of Placerville.

No claim is made to literary finish. The book has been written hurriedly, without revision, to satisfy the demands of the printers and the public. The few typographical errors were, because of the necessary haste in printing, unavoidable.

With this brief introduction and acknowledgment, I reverently lay my humble tribute of love and respect before the shrine of that modern Samaritan, whose own beautiful, consecrated life is his grandest epitaph.

CHARLES ELMER UPTON,

Placerville, California, May 30, 1903.

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LIFE AND WORK
OF
THE REVEREND C. C. PEIRCE.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY BOYHOOD.

ON the old Peirce homestead in Chester county, Pennsylvania, is a tablet bearing the inscription:

“J. R. P., 1732.”

These initials stand for the names of Joshua and Rachael Peirce, the earliest paternal ancestors of Charles Caleb Peirce of whom anything definite is known. The grounds adjoining the homestead were at one time laid out as a park and were called “Peirce Park.” Here the

general public was made welcome every day except Sundays, and picnics were of frequent occurrence. A small artificial lake was on the premises, and trees were planted in long rows, making a very picturesque spot. These trees, and also the bricks in the family dwelling, were brought over from England.

Thomas Peirce, the father of Charles Caleb Peirce, was born in Chester county in 1786. During early manhood he taught school, and afterwards graduated as a physician, but never practised. During the greater part of his life he was an iron and hardware merchant. He was a man of marked literary ability and was represented in the book, "Poets and Poetry of the West." The son, Charles, evidently inherited much of the father's linguistic and descriptive powers.

Elizabeth Neave was born in Fordingbridge, Hampshire, England, in the year 1796, and came to Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1814, a year after Thomas Peirce had traveled from Pennsylvania to Cincinnati on horseback. They were married in 1815.

Both Thomas and Elizabeth Peirce belonged to the Society of Friends, or Quakers, though the husband attended the Baptist church in after years. He was one of

a famous coterie of literary men identified with the early history of Cincinnati.

The first two children born to Thomas and Elizabeth Peirce were Samuel N., born 1816, and Alexander N., in 1818. Following came three daughters who died in infancy. Charles Caleb Peirce was born Nov. 2, 1825, Priscilla P.—now Mrs. Wm. Mode—in 1831, and James in 1834. Last of all came another daughter, Julia, who died in childhood. Priscilla and James are the only living members of the family.

Charles Caleb Peirce very early displayed a decided fondness for literature. Books were his constant companions. And still he was a natural boy, delighting in gymnastics and out-door exercise. Often, disdaining the protection of an overcoat, he would, on cold winter mornings, walk for miles over the hills before he had even had breakfast.

He was always a good, conscientious boy and was universally popular among his associates. Love of small children and pets was a prominent characteristic. He had none of that innate savagery which impels the average boy or man to find enjoyment in hunting and similar cruel pastimes.

Let us in fancy carry ourselves back to those early days and see the boy as he really was. Here we find him in the schoolroom, intent upon his books, doing his best in open, kindly rivalry to excel his schoolmates. Then the bell taps, and he is out on the playground, a leader among his fellows in all manly, boyish sports. When school is ended for the day he hurries home, ready to help in any of the little chores that are necessary even in a crowded city dwelling. But the best of all is on a Saturday afternoon, when his work is done and he may spend the time as he likes. Then, with some favorite book under his arm, he hurries to a city park, or, better still, out into the country, where, in some shady nook, he is soon dreaming of another world. So absorbed is he in the story, that time is a blank to him until the shrill blasts of a distant factory whistle bring him back to reality.

Ah! if that happy, care-free boyhood could have lasted into eternity! But that could not be. In 1844 a cruel awakening came. The mother died, and the home was thus darkened by the bitterest sorrow which any human being may realize. Six years later the father went, the family broke up, and the children drifted apart, Charles going to live with a married brother. In after years,



C. C. PEIRCE AT 25 YEARS OF AGE

when the boy himself, grown old, was nearing the "silent sea," how true must have seemed the lines he so often quoted from his beloved Whittier:

"O Time and Change! with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day!
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone!"

CHAPTER II.

IN HIS BROTHER'S HOUSEHOLD.

THE new home in which Charles now found himself served to bring out most clearly one of his strongest and most lovable traits—fondness for children. Elizabeth, the little one of the household, thus wrote of her uncle years afterward:

“My first gifts were from him—a small set of French china and a tiny silver thimble, which I still possess, after having them a half-century.”

Elizabeth was born in 1851, and during the five years of her uncle's sojourn with the family spent a great deal of time in his cheery, happy presence. We can well imagine how delightful and how uplifting the sweet companionship of the artless child was to that bookish, yet most human young student, and how fortunate was the little one whose life was permitted to unfold under such thoughtful and tender guardianship!

“Uncle Charlie”, as he was called, left an imprint upon the mind of this innocent little niece that has endured,

even as in later years his kindly words and deeds have left hundreds of other children a heritage to be carried into eternity.

However arduous his studies, little Elizabeth was always welcomed to his room. Even his precious books were not too good for her. He would put a pile of the treasured volumes upon the floor, and there the child would play for hours in quiet contentment, as oblivious to the outside world as was the young student poring over his books at a nearby desk. When Elizabeth's mother remonstrated at his placing the books in such jeopardy, Charles would answer,

"They are in no danger. And I want Elizabeth to be familiar with books. I am sure she will be careful with them if she is taught to be so."

What a scene for the artist is that cozy, old-fashioned room! At his desk the young uncle sits, perhaps deep in the intricacies of an involved algebraic or geometrical problem; or mayhap pondering over some puzzling question in philosophy; or probably reveling in the deeds of the immortal few whose names are ever an incentive to greater, nobler things. Again, likely he has climbed to the highest peaks; is following blind old Homer through those

deathless songs; is breathing into life the glowing imagery of the Book of Psalms and the Song of Solomon; is leading the way over hard-fought fields, listening to mighty statesmen of old, basking in Beauty's smiles, and living in truth the "old, old story," with the peerless Bard of Avon. Such is the uncle. And there, at his feet, is little Elizabeth, her winsome, childish face aglow with happiness. See! she is building a house—a fairy castle, no doubt, as she has not yet entered the romantic period of childhood. An "Unabridged Webster" makes a solid and most satisfactory foundation for the edifice. A volume of "The Pilgrim's Progress," a copy of "Paradise Lost," and perhaps a tome of Dante's and a novel of Dickens constitute four walls, and the first story is complete. Various books of smaller bulk and less weighty contents furnish material for the upper floors, and the marvelous palace grows steadily skyward until it is on a level with little Elizabeth's head as she sits upon the floor beside this wonderful creation of her nimble fingers. Does she dream that she is some dreadful ogress biding her time to pounce upon and devour the little prince and princess within the castle? No, no! her gentle spirit recoils from such a thought. This is an elfin dwelling, where only the fairies of good

deeds may dwell; and no wicked ones would dare approach so sacred a presence. Truly the beings with which the child's innocent fancy peoples this fairy mansion are lovelier than all the Titanias that ever danced through the brain of a Shakespeare!

But while little Elizabeth is living in that mystic land where all children linger so long as the bloom of innocence is unblighted, the uncle is in still another world, far away from the scenes of his day. All ages have rolled into one; he holds converse with the great minds from every century since time began; seers, poets, philosophers are his comrades.

But hark! a shrill, childish wail, and the spell is broken. Another fairy castle has fallen, little Elizabeth is bemoaning a wounded finger, and the student uncle is administering the infallible remedies for all childish griefs—caresses and soothing words. It is really miraculous how speedily a cure is effected. Then comes a merry romp around the room, and, if the weather permit, a dash out of doors. Happy laughter resounds, and all is well again!

During the early 'Fifties a bathroom was an uncommon luxury. There was none in his brother's house until such a room was added at Charles' request. It was arranged

for cold water only. Frequently the tub was filled with water in the evening, in order that it might be in readiness for the morning plunge. And many a time, in cold weather, Charles had to break through a thin coating of ice before he could take his daily bath.

He took many long tramps, particularly on Sunday mornings. On such occasions he wore neither overcoat nor gloves, nor would he carry an umbrella, however necessary such protection might seem. Evidently he chafed under any burden which detracted from the enjoyment of those exhilarating walks.

Even in those early years the future minister was very thoughtful of the welfare of others, particularly the helpless ones who always needed aid and comfort. To him, Christmas and Easter were the great festivals of the year, and he believed that on such days every living thing should be made happy. In his brother's household were two cherished pets, a cat and a squirrel. On his favorite holidays Charles never failed to remember these two, and purchases of steak and dainty nuts were made for their especial benefit. Surely in all this we can see the action of that divine spirit which afterward sustained this man throughout his wonderful mission in the shadow of the

rugged Sierras; a mission of love, faith and hope, that put to shame the narrow, un-Christ-like creeds of the modern orthodox church, and proved Charles Caleb Peirce worthy of a place beside his Master.

CHAPTER III.

LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS.

MR. H. B. Mackoy, the present secretary of the Literary Club of Cincinnati writes thus regarding Charles Caleb Peirce:

“Unanimously elected to membership in the Literary Club, March 23, 1850.”

From the records we learn that Mr. Peirce was present at sixty-seven meetings of this association between April 27, 1850, and February 21, 1852. He was elected Vice-President of the Club March 22, 1851, and he acted as its President April 12 to May 10, inclusive.

The Club's catalogue, issued in 1890, contains the following introduction:

“The Literary Club was organized on Monday evening, October 29, 1849. A preliminary meeting at the rooms of Mr. Spofford had agreed upon a general plan and appointed a committee to draft a constitution. Subsequently the Club became a corporation under the general laws of the state.

“The weekly meetings were at first held upon Monday

evenings. In December, 1849, Saturday became, and has since remained, the Club night.

“The Club met first in the rooms on the southwest corner of Vine and Longworth streets; then in Gundry’s Commercial College rooms, in the old Apollo Building, on the corner of Fifth and Walnut; then over Gordon’s drug store, on the corner of Eighth and Centra Avenue, in the school rooms of R. H. Stephenson; then over the book store of Dr. Weed, on Fourth street, between Main and Walnut; then in the law school rooms in College Building; then, for several years, beginning September, 1855, in the Morselle Building, on Seventh street near Vine; then in rooms over the old engine-house at No. 60 East Fourth street; then again in the Morselle Building; then in the room on the third floor of the Apollo Building; then temporarily in the rooms of the Bar Association, in the Cincinnati College Building; in September, 1875, it removed to No. 239½ West Fifth street, where it remained until October 30, 1880, when its present quarters at 24 West Fourth street, which had been especially modeled for the needs of the Club, were occupied.

“The membership has always been limited to a certain number. This, at first twenty-five, was changed in 1851 to

thirty, then to thirty-five, and in 1853 to fifty. With some variations in the mean time, in 1873 it was fixed at eighty, and in 1875 at one hundred.

“On April 15, 1861, at a called meeting, the Club formed a military company, the Burnet Rifles, for purposes of drill. Subsequently fifty members entered the army. This resulted in a suspension of Club meetings from October 8, 1862, until February 19, 1864.

* * * * *

“During the past decade, the Club has so amended its constitution to allow the election, to honorary membership, of gentlemen who have contributed to the Club’s entertainment and support as regular members, and whose career or Club connection the Club, by unanimous vote, decides to be deserving of such distinction.

* * * * *

THORNTON B. HINKLE,
CHARLES B. WILBY,
KARL LANGENBECK,

Committee.

Cincinnati, September 8, 1890.”

In this association of broad-minded, scholarly men C. C. Peirce was in his element. Throughout his long, useful

life good literature was probably his chief source of intellectual enjoyment. He had two loves—his Master and his books. Christ's work was his labor, a labor of sacrifice in which he never faltered while body and soul held together. And literature was his unfailing means of relaxation, the one form of amusement he allowed himself in those brief periods of leisure he somehow managed to find in that arduous, unceasing routine of prayer and toil and study.

That such a man would play a leading role in the new club was to be expected. The secretary writes:

"He (C. C. Peirce) took part in the debates on several occasions. Three of the subjects were:

"1850, July 12—'Are Our Free Institutions in Danger From Catholicism?' He maintained AFFIRMATIVE. Decision: Members in favor of AFFIRMATIVE; Chair, NEGATIVE.

"1850, Nov. 23—'Are Secret Societies Consistent with Free Institutions?' He (C. C. Peirce) maintained NEGATIVE. Decision: Members, AFFIRMATIVE; Chair, NEGATIVE.

"1851, Jan. 14—'Is American Slavery Right?' C. C. P. maintained AFFIRMATIVE. Decision: Members and Chair, NEGATIVE."

In justice to his subsequent life, it would be interest-

ing to know whether C. C. Peirce voiced his inmost convictions in these debates, or whether he was simply taking the parts assigned him as a member of the Club. If he stood for his own beliefs, then truly we encounter some facts oddly at variance with the man's true character, and others so rational and so entirely in harmony with his real self that we can account for such evident contradictions only by charging them to the natural indecision of youth. His stand on the question of church and state was thoroughly characteristic and in keeping with his views in after life. Every sane, observant person, whose mind is untainted by prejudice, must foresee the grave consequences sure to follow the interference of any church, Catholic or Protestant, in the political affairs of a free nation. His decision in the "Secret Society" debate was diametrically opposed to his later opinions on such subjects. That he defended American slavery in debate we must ascribe either to youthfulness or to innate love of intellectual argument. We cannot concede that a man of such high moral worth, whose mind had attained maturity, could deliberately give utterance to so un-Christian and inhuman a sentiment.

According to the Club records, it appears that C. C.

Peirce read the following essays before the members:

July 27, 1854—"Character of the Scholar."

Feb, 6, 1851—Title not given.

July 19, 1851—"The Relation of Art to Religion."

Contemporary members of the Club, then private citizens, but afterward filling the positions indicated, were:

Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States;

George Hoadly, Governor of Ohio, 1883-85, and distinguished lawyer of New York City;

Ainsworth R. Spofford, Librarian of Congress;

Thomas C. H. Smith, Brigadier-General, United States Army;

John W. Herron, distinguished lawyer of Cincinnati, and father-in-law of Hon. William H. Taft.

On February 21, 1852, Charles Caleb Peirce severed all active connection with the Literary Club of Cincinnati. The following entry concerning his resignation appears in the minutes of that date:

"The Society listened to the proposition with evident dissatisfaction, remembering the promptitude which had always characterized the services of the gentleman—his entire devotion to the best interests of the Club."

It was but natural that such an association of intelligent,

educated men should see in C. C. Peirce a kindred spirit whose departure from the Club was universally regretted. But while he took no active part in the subsequent meetings, he was the recipient of fraternal greetings from the Society throughout his career; and when his loving, kindly voice was hushed in the eternal silence, by none was he mourned more sincerely than by the Literary Club of Cincinnati.

CHAPTER IV.

PREPARING FOR A CAREER.

FROM the elementary schools of his native city, Charles had gone to a higher local institution, Woodward College, where he graduated and immediately began the study of law. He completed the law course before he had attained his majority, and was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of Ohio as soon as he became of age.

So gentle a nature as his could not long endure the fierce contentions, the bitter rivalries, the sordidness and the countless other immoralities of the court-room. He soon gave up the work. In doing so, he stated emphatically that he acted solely from a conviction of duty; and, furthermore, that he had concluded he could be of far more benefit to his fellow-men in a nobler and vastly different calling—the Christian ministry.

Accordingly in 1856 he left his brother's home and went to live with his sister, Priscilla—Mrs. Mode—in Chester county, Pennsylvania, while studying his chosen profession.

What conflicting emotions must have beset the young man as he went forth to prepare for the new life! On the one hand the domestic side of his nature, one of his strongest traits, surely cried out against quitting the hearth where he had formed such deep and lasting attachments. How regretfully he bade farewell to the older members of the household! And how little Elizabeth clung to him, tearfully imploring him not to go, but to stay with them "always!" Dear child! had she realized the truth, had she known that this parting was a last good-by, her grief might have been inconsolable. Although "Uncle Charlie" lived many happy and fruitful years, he and little Elizabeth never met again on earth.

But with Charles Caleb Peirce duty was always first. Ease, luxury, all the ties of kindred and of friendship must be sacrificed, rather than he should swerve a hair's-breadth from the pathway which led him onward in the ways of righteousness. The Master had called, and he must obey.

In later years Mr. Peirce sometimes spoke of the one influence which more than all others had decided his final choice of a career—his mother. "When a boy," he was wont to say, "I was like most boys, thoughtless, selfish,

thinking only of pleasure; and I doubtless paid little attention to her loving counsel; but I remembered after she was gone. All I have accomplished of good is due to her."

Noble words! and how truly descriptive of that subtile force which has dominated, consciously or unconsciously, every life that was ever worth the living.

Sustained by his faith in the glorious mission that was his, doubtless this young disciple started upon the journey Eastward with a heart that sang despite the sorrow of parting. The ride itself was interesting, being the first trip to a distance. And the sisterly greeting in the new home surely atoned in some measure for the associations left behind. It had been only a few years since this brother and sister had parted; yet so much had happened in that brief time! Each had so many questions to ask and to answer! The brother spoke of his studies, the literary club, and his hopes and plans for the future. He told of little Elizabeth and his voice grew tender with emotion. The sister listened, interjecting exclamations and comments here and there. Then she related incidents in her own life that had occurred since the family had separated, dwelling at length upon the domestic

matters which every true woman loves. So absorbing was the conversation that they talked far into the night, giving no heed to time until twelve vibrant strokes sounded warningly from the old clock upon the mantelpiece.

But when the morrow dawned there was little opportunity to dwell in dreamland. He had come to work, not to talk of what had been or what awaited him in the future. Soon he was again deep in his studies, bending every energy to the task that meant a career, perhaps a martyrdom, to him. He was as one entranced, listening to the glowing eloquence of the wondrous prophets of old; hearkening to the words of wisdom and kindness that fell from the lips of the Master. Coming downward through the centuries, he walked with eminent divines—some whose kindly words and deeds were as Christ's Himself; others whose creeds of hate and of vengeance seemed the veriest mockery of Him whose mantle they wore. But our young student, in whose heart reigned the spirit of the true Christ, turned in horror from those ungodly ministers who strove to reconcile Eternal Love with everlasting torture, and with joy heard from holier lips the message of Infinite Kindness

and Mercy, unmarred by that cruel, abnormal doctrine of hatred, bred by the superstition of a barbarous, fanatical age.

As with the various books of theology, so it doubtless was with the fellow-students C. C. Peirce encountered in the General Theological Seminary in New York City, where he went to complete his course. He met men of liberal views together with those whose intolerance was truly pitiable. And our friend, whose religion throughout life was broader than his church, must have found some of the work in this school exceedingly distasteful. However that might have been, he persevered in his studies; and on July 1, 1860, was formally ordained in Trinity Church of New York City. Thus, within nearly five months of his thirty-fifth birthday, he was ready to take up the Cross he was destined to uphold throughout a lifetime. He started, clothed in the vestments of an established Church; but his heart was beating to the strains of a favorite singer:

“Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?—
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee !”

CHAPTER V.

THE MINISTRY AND CALIFORNIA.

THE quickness with which Charles Caleb Peirce stepped from the theological school into his chosen field of work shows his earnestness and sincerity of purpose. Ordained one day, the next he had taken up his burden and was speeding toward the scene of his future labors.

California was his choice. He stated that there were always enough young ministers to fill the pulpits in Eastern cities, but comparatively few who would leave home and friends for a new country. Therefore, as he himself was unmarried and free from domestic cares, he felt that his greatest opportunities for good lay in the Far West.

It had been his intention to strive to benefit the more unfortunate of his fellow-men by the benevolent use of money. But sudden reverses had shattered that project. In his naturally impulsive way he had endorsed a number of notes at the requests of certain "friends." When the notes became due he was compelled to pay them, and in consequence was left with a very small reserve fund. On

the day of his departure for California, one of his brothers managed to collect a few dollars from the delinquent debtors, and brought the money to him shortly before the vessel sailed.

This incident brings to mind a glimpse of probably the only romance in C. C. Peirce's life. So far as is known, he himself alluded to the matter but once in later years. He was visiting at the house of one of his parishioners in Placerville, California, the central town of his wonderful life-work. In conversation he casually spoke of a certain young woman in the East to whom he had been deeply attached, and who he at first thought had returned his affection. But he had broken up their intimacy himself, "Because," he said, "I concluded all she wanted was my money."

Surely both his financial loss and his belief in the mercenary motives of the woman he loved, had much to do with his subsequent convictions on the subject of riches. And yet, despite the bitterness of the sacrifice, was it not all for the best? Had Charles Caleb Peirce met with no reverses in fortune and love, would he have ever realized the hollow mockery of Christian nations upholding forms

of government directly opposed to Christ's teachings—governments that not only permit, but encourage, wealthy idlers to live by the economic bondage of the toiling masses? Lacking that realization, how could he have become in the true sense, a disciple of the lowly Nazarene?

On July 2, 1860, the young minister took passage in a ship bound for San Francisco, via the Isthmus of Panama. It was on this vessel that he preached his first sermon after ordination.

What an experience that must have been! There, in the awful sublimity of that restless ocean, where God's handiwork was ever manifest, was it vouchsafed this young divine to utter his first message of brotherly love and counsel to his fellow-men. Surely the grandeur of his environment lent greater fervor to his tongue, and his voice rang out in such an eloquent, impassioned appeal that it seemed to his entranced listeners as if Christ Himself were speaking through this man of God. And later, when he repeated so earnestly and so tenderly the old, familiar sentences of "The Lord's Prayer," many saw hidden beauties in those simple lines hitherto undreamed of. And when the last fervent "Amen!" sounded, all echoed the word with a reverence never felt before. What

an hour that was, and how auspicious a beginning of a life of holiness that lasted nearly half a century !

With the long voyage, the interesting trip across the Isthmus of Panama, and the further sea trip along the coast, this narrative has nothing to do. It is enough to add that on July 25 the vessel sailed through the Golden Gate and entered San Francisco Bay.

To say that C. C. Peirce was impressed would be uttering a truism. That is an emotion which comes to every stranger when he first enters that land-locked harbor and sees the "Queen City of the Far West" seated so majestically upon her towering hills. It is not the countless buildings which attract. There are more and better houses in many another city in various parts of the world. But the eye is held by an indescribable blending of Nature's glorious works with the artificial creations of man—an ever-wonderful panorama of sea and sky with silhouetted masses of house-covered hills lying between. And even today, when you have walked or ridden along one of San Francisco's noisy, crowded thoroughfares, until you are tired in mind and body, you may go but a few blocks farther, up a neighboring hill-side, and behold ! on all sides is God's own wonderland, though you are still in a

city street and the throbbing, bustling town is all about you ! It is this consciousness of Nature's presence which lends San Francisco a charm rarely found in a great commercial city.

A poetic temperament like that of Charles Caleb Peirce, that was keenly alive to beauty in all its forms, must have held in memory a never-fading picture of that eventful first day on the California shore.

Slowly the vessel moved into the dock, the gang-plank was lowered, and the rush began. The voyage was done, and the young apostle of Jesus was in the land where his life-work lay.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO PLACERVILLE.

WHEN the Reverend C. C. Peirce became rector of Grace Church in San Francisco, he doubtless felt that he had found the place of his destiny. Here he was, a young man of vigorous body and intellect, in a new and growing city wherein the possibilities for fruitful sowing of Christianity seemed unlimited. But alas! he did not foresee the countless stumbling-blocks which lie in the pathway of every conscientious minister who strays by mistake into the pulpit of that temple of sacrilege and mockery—a fashionable city church. For nearly eight months the young divine threw himself into the task with all the energy of his nature, but the results were not encouraging. He was out of his element, and those splendid talents were simply being wasted in that alien atmosphere.

At this juncture some of his parishioners ventured a suggestion.

“You wish to succeed as a minister,” they said to him. “All you need to do is to cultivate the friendship of the

wealthy members of your congregation; then your success is assured."

The young rector was horrified. Should he, whose Master had said, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon," deliberately crucify the Saviour anew in spirit by espousing the cause of His most cruel betrayers—the wealthy drones who daily violate the laws of Christian brotherhood?

"No!" His soul itself spoke in that vigorous, indignant refusal. He resigned his pastorate then and there, and began to look about for some spot where he might labor at will in the service of the Son of Man.

He selected Placerville, a busy, thriving mining town up in the foothills of El Dorado county. No time was wasted in preparation. With C. C. Peirce, to decide was to do. Before many hours had elapsed he had started by boat for Sacramento, the State Capital. In 1861 there were no ferry and railroad lines connecting San Francisco with every important city in the Union. The Central Pacific Railroad, which a few years later joined the East and the West, existed then only in the minds of its projectors. California could boast of but one railway, the Sacramento and Placerville line, extending from the Capital City to Folsom, some twenty miles distant.

It was late in the afternoon of March 29, 1861, when our pilgrim stepped upon the deck of the small steamer which was to convey him to Sacramento. Despite his relief at leaving the scene of his unhappy experience, he must have felt some regret at seeing the sentinel hills of the city by the Golden Gate melt away in the distance. Night soon fell, and then came the dreariest part of all that long, tiresome voyage. While daylight lasted, there had been many objects of interest to attract the eye; now they were moving through a world of shadow, where hardly a sound but the churning of the boat-wheel disturbed the stillness. And the chill, moist air of the valley settled insistently down, penetrating to every corner of the cabin. The passengers took to their bunks early, and were soon oblivious to the discomforts of the voyage. In the early morning hours all were suddenly awakened, and dressing hurriedly, rushed out on the deck to find the lights of Sacramento twinkling before them.

The boat steamed up to the wharf and C. C. Peirce quickly walked ashore and rode away to a nearby hotel, where he was soon in bed and asleep. Some hours later, after breakfast was over, he rode to the depot, procured

his ticket, and in a few minutes had got aboard the train and was speeding toward Folsom.

Little of interest was visible in the immediate neighborhood of Sacramento. Nothing but the vivid green of spring verdure broke the monotony of that vast stretch of plain. As the train drew nearer Folsom the country became more undulating, and by the time the little town was reached the passengers were fairly within the Sierra Nevada foot-hills.

The Placerville stage awaited them at the depot, and the change from the comfortable car to the lumbering old vehicle was quickly made. A few minutes later C. C. Peirce was riding along a winding mountain road that seemed to grow more rugged as the journey proceeded. A short distance beyond Folsom the eastern boundary of Sacramento county was crossed, and the stage entered El Dorado, the famous pioneer county of the State.

And now the road became more and more narrow and precipitous, climbing up and up through forests of mighty pine and oak and spruce trees, around and down rocky hillsides where an instant of careless driving would have sent stage-coach, passengers and team to the bottom of the ravine hundreds of rods below; and all this time the occupants of the clumsy, jolting vehicle were forced to hold

on to the seats or to one another to keep themselves from being thrown against the hard wooden sides and top. For as the way grew steeper, the deep seams left in the road by the winter rains became more frequent and made traveling all the rougher and more perilous. Higher and higher loomed the hills, and larger and loftier were the trees as the stage clattered onward. Despite the constant rocking and lurching, it was truly exhilarating to be rushing along through that bracing mountain air, in the very heart of God's country.

Frequent stops were made for the purpose of changing horses, and each time the driver paused to bandy words with the men lounging near; and of course it was necessary to "stand treat" or to be treated before he could go on. At each of the numerous mining camps they entered, throngs of people were waiting for the ever-welcome mail. Countless heaps of gravel and unsightly gashes on the breast of Mother Nature attested the passion that had transformed this lonely wilderness into the liveliest mining region in America.

Before long they came in sight of Placerville, the county metropolis, nestling among its pine-crowned hills. Shortly

afterward the stage rattled up a busy, crowded street and stopped in front of the "Cary House," a three-story brick structure and the leading hotel of the city.

Charles Caleb Peirce was at last with his chosen people.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST YEAR IN EL DORADO COUNTY.

IN the early 'Sixties, Placerville, exclusive of Uppertown, according to a directory compiled by Editor Fitch of "The Placerville Republican," contained a population of 5,000. At that time the crudeness of the pioneer days had nearly passed away, "lynch law" and other evidences of semi-barbarism having given place, in a great measure, to the comparatively refining accompaniments of civilization, so-called. However, the more modern types of barbarism were still, and are now, very conspicuous.

The Reverend C. C. Peirce lost no time in beginning his work in this most fruitful vineyard. He had arrived March 30. His own report, a year later, contains, in part, the following:

"The Church of our Savior, Placerville; The Rev. C. C. Peirce, minister.

"On March 31, 1861, being Easter Day, services were held in the Court-room, and thus a work commenced which we trust will be enduring. Morning service has been held each Sunday, and evening service also on the fifth Sunday

in the month. Regular attendance, seventy-five. Number of times services held on Sunday, fifty-six; on other days, six. In the afternoon the minister conducts a meeting for children, intended to supply the place of a Sunday-School and Bible class. Selections from the Prayer Book are used, and the Gospel history is taught in a familiar but systematic way. A library has been purchased and children's papers procured. Fifty children attend. In July a parish was organized, "The Parish of Our Savior," and two wardens and eight vestrymen elected. The musical parts of the service are appropriately and effectively performed, and we are under many obligations to the choir who have so freely and so faithfully given us their aid."

The "Mountain Democrat," the pioneer newspaper of the county, a publication then owned by Gelwicks and January, thus chronicles the church work during 1861:

March 30.—Rev. C. C. Peirce of the Protestant Episcopal church, (late of Grace church, San Francisco), will hold service at 11 o'clock A. M. on Easter Sunday, March 31, at the Court House. All members and persons friendly to the church are requested to be present."

April 6.—"The Rev. Mr. Peirce preached in the Court House last Sunday to a large and intelligent audience. He

commences his labors in this city, we are informed, under the most favorable circumstances. He will preach in the Court House again to-morrow."

May 25.—"Ladies' Festival for benefit of the Episcopal Church Society. Amount realized, \$125.75."

June 1.—"Episcopal Church and Sunday School.—The minister in charge of the Society of Episcopalians here, Mr. C. C. Peirce, is untiring in his efforts to do good. He not only conducts the service regularly in this city, but also attends to the charges at Coloma and Diamond Springs, alternate weeks. In addition to this, he acts as Superintendent of the Sabbath School, and is gradually gathering around him a large circle of the youth of both sexes, belonging to our city and its surroundings. The Sunday-School has now a library of some 200 volumes, and will in a short time be doubled."

July 20.—"Episcopal Parish.—A parish has been organized in this city, according to the rules of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The name adopted is, 'The Parish of Our Savior,' Placerville. Officers elected: Senior Warden, P. R. Rockwell; Junior Warden, Robert White; Vestrymen: F. F. Barss, Benjamin Meacham, E. B. Carson, Dr. I. S. Titus, Charles Broad, James Phipps, W. R. Rockwell

and R. R. Naines. The Vestry elected E. B. Carson secretary, and Robert White treasurer, of the Parish."

While the good work was going on here, the outside towns were not neglected, as the following quotation from Mr. Peirce's report attests:

"Emmanuel Church, Coloma; El Dorado, Diamond Springs. The Reverend C. C. Peirce, Minister.

"Coloma.—Services have been held in our church edifice on the first and third Sunday evenings in each month. Regular attendants, fifty. Services on Sunday, twenty; and once on Christmas. For two years previous, no minister had officiated here. There seems now to be a growing interest in our worship, and we hope to see this beautiful church building—the only one we have in this county as yet—filled as in former years by a zealous congregation.

"El Dorado.—On the second and fourth Sunday evenings in each month the service has been held in the meeting house. Regular attendants, sixty. Number of times, nineteen. In December a parish was organized called "St. Stephen's Parish," and two Wardens and five Vestrymen elected. An efficient choir conducts the music. There is every prospect of the permanency of our church work here.

“Diamond Springs.—In September our worship was commenced in the Hall, and has been continued on the second and fourth Sundays of each month, at 4 o’clock P. M. Number of times, twelve. Regular attendants, forty. Here also there appears an opening for our church.”

Then the following summary appears:

“Parishioners in the four congregations” (that is, Placer-ville, Coloma, El Dorado and Diamond Springs,) “two hundred and twenty-five. Communicants, about twenty-five. Total Sunday services, one hundred and seven; other days, seven. Marriages, two; baptisms, six infants; funerals, eighteen.

“Our work in this field has been self-supporting, no pecuniary aid having been asked or received from without it. On four Sundays our services were prevented by causes beyond our control.”

Thus closes Mr. Peirce’s report for the year ending March 30, 1862; truly a wonderful record for one human being in a land of strangers—a record that was a fitting commencement of a life spent in doing the Master’s bidding.

CHAPTER VIII.

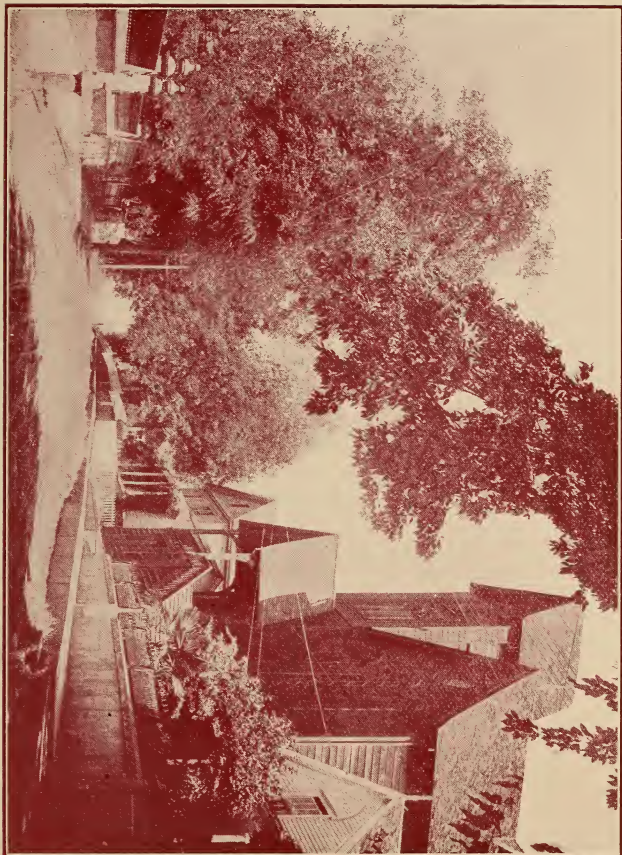
THE NEW CHURCH.

SEVERAL years had elapsed before any plans for the building of an Episcopal Church began to take definite shape. The services of the Placerville parish were still held in the Court House. But on June 4, 1864, "The Mountain Democrat" announced:

"The ladies of the Episcopal Church will hold a fair in Confidence Pavilion on the Fourth of July. The proceeds are to be devoted to building a house of worship."

The outcome was evidently encouraging, for on May 12, 1865, appeared another notice:

"Festival and Concert.—The ladies of the Episcopal church of this city will give a Festival and Concert at Confidence Pavilion on the evening of the 23rd, 24th and 25th of this month, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the erection of a church for the congregation. The intelligent and amiable pastor of the congregation has labored assiduously and successfully in the cause of religion. He has organized a large and growing congregation, they need a church, and we hope all will assist to supply that want."



THE "CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOR."

On May 27, "The Mountain Democrat" announced the result in these words:

"The Festival given by the ladies of the Episcopal church this week for the building fund was highly satisfactory to them and to their patrons. The total proceeds were \$1200."

Sometime before this the Presbyterian Church on Coloma street had been destroyed by fire. The vacant lot was purchased by the Episcopalians, and work was begun straightway. Nearly a month later, June 22, the corner stone of the new church was laid amid imposing ceremonies. The "Mountain Democrat" thus described the event:

"On Thursday last El Dorado Lodge No. 26, F. & A. M. laid the corner-stone of the "Church of our Savior" in this city—W. Caldwell Belcher, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the State of California, officiating. Rev. Wm. H. Hill of Sacramento delivered the address; Rev. C. C. Peirce, the prayer."

That every effort was made to complete the building as quickly as possible is shown by a clipping from the same local paper we have quoted:

December 23, 1865.—"The opening of the new, elegant

and beautiful Protestant Episcopal Church on Coloma street will take place this, Saturday evening, with the annual distribution of books by Rev. C. C. Peirce. On Sunday morning the usual services will be given at half-past ten o'clock, and continued every Sunday following. The dedication of the church will not take place until the church is completed, which will probably be in a few weeks. Due notice will be given of the time."

But the work was evidently delayed, for it was not until April 14 of the following year that this announcement appeared:

"Consecration and confirmation at half-past ten o'clock to-morrow (Sunday) morning, the Right Reverend Bishop Kip of San Francisco will consecrate the new and elegant Episcopal church on Coloma street, and also at the same time hold confirmation service. The new church edifice was designed by Wm. Patton, architect, of San Francisco, and built by Mr. O. Taylor of this city. The building, completed, cost about \$10,500."

The task was done, and the Reverend C. C. Peirce had at last a temple of his own, one that was destined to become the centre of a greater sanctuary where there worshipped, in unfeigned reverence, the people of an entire

county, regardless of sect or creed. At the dedication of that house of God, how well the young rector might have sung with the immortal Whittier:

“Suffice it now. In time to be
Shall holier altars rise to thee,—
Thy Church our broad humanity !

“White flowers of love its walls shall climb,
Soft bells of peace shall ring its chime,
Its days shall all be holy time.

“A sweeter song shall then be heard,—
The music of the world’s accord
Confessing Christ, the Inward Word !

“That song shall swell from shore to shore,
One hope, one faith, one love, restore
The seamless robe that Jesus wore.”

CHAPTER IX.

LATER DAYS IN PLACERVILLE.

A history of Mr. Peirce's life during the ten years succeeding his arrival in Placerville would of necessity be mainly a repetition of church and social events as noticed superficially by the county newspapers, and therefore would show too little of the real man to be vitally interesting. But on Sunday evening, July 21, 1872, the Reverend C. C. Peirce delivered in the Church of Our Savior, a sermon on "The Evangelical Work of Charles Wesley" which is particularly valuable in that it gives a very clear idea of his mode of religious presentation during the last thirty years of his life.

It must be remembered that this sermon was wholly extemporaneous, as indeed were the most, if not all, of his sermons. That fact accounts for the frequent repetitions of certain words and phrases. Mr. Peirce spoke as follows:

"David the son of Jesse said, and the man who was raised up on high, the anointed of the God of Jacob, and

the sweet psalmist of Israel, said, The Spirit of the LORD spake by me, and his word was in my tongue !

(II Samuel, 23: 1-2.)

“The greatest work of the Holy Spirit since the Bible was finished is the composing of those most inspiring and spiritual of all Christian hymns, which have reached millions of hearts; which speak to the experience of millions of souls; which have been thought over in the closet, in communion with God; sung in public worship; and which will last as long as the human race.

“I consider this work as next to the Bible, universal, enduring; the only work which approximates at all to it in its universal power are these great hymns. They are the work of the Spirit, testifying to its acceptance, and acknowledged by the heart, and witnessed to in the needs, hopes, longings of the soul. And those most effective, and the greatest, which last as a power in the spiritual world, are those who have spoken and written these hymns of exaltation. Of all these, those most inspired and most effective were written one hundred years ago by Charles Wesley.

“Last Sabbath we noticed the work of his brother, John Wesley, who the greater part of his life of ninety years bore his testimony to the witness of the Spirit in the soul, as opposed to the spirit of formality and coldness by which he was surrounded in the English church. We saw how he sought out especially all those who had never heard such truths, and who had hitherto been neglected. We saw how effective that work was, not speaking of its particular power,—which it took in later years, that being really unforeseen by him, and probably unintended—but

in its other relations. He lived and died a member of our Church; lived and died in its communion, meeting little enough sympathy there; yet he cherished for it a strong affection, which at first almost took the form of bigotry, and he always retained that intense affection. We may think of him, then, in this way; and in the second way as the originator of that great, onward, evangelical movement which recognized religion as the work of the soul and the heart, desiring to know and receive the Savior; and going forth all zeal to reach all those who were neglected.

"The present vital state of religion's all-inspiring work, we may say had its first impulse from John and Charles Wesley. It is now known and acknowledged by all that, while John possessed the faculty for organizing and shaping and conducting his religious work, Charles Wesley wrought no less a work, by being the inspired author of these matchless hymns.

"John Wesley was born in 1703 and died in 1791. His brother Charles was born six years later and died a few years later; so they wrought together the greater part of half a century. His biographers speak of Charles as a humble, patient, plain man, an itinerant preacher traveling all the time, stopping now and then on his way to write a verse of those hymns which were to become the heritage of Christendom. And in none but his hymns do we find so great a degree of exaltation.

"I like often to read the leading hymns of the best sacred poets, such as Watts, Doddridge, Newton and Heber, and the more recent ones, such as Bonner and other established writers, as the work of the Spirit; but the works of Charles Wesley are elevated above all others, in that which testifies to the presence of the Holy Spirit. They bear

witness to the power of the Gospel in the heart of the one who is speaking—not as a theory, but as feeling and experience. They are not merely expressed in beautiful words, but enter into the life and lay hold of the inner experience. They are the expression of that which is felt, but could not be expressed by any ordinary Christian. They come from the heart and go to the heart. They are filled with an exaltation which lifts them above the plane of all other sacred poems; and I always think I can tell the hymns of Charles Wesley by this peculiar spirit of exaltation.

“In Doctor Watts—who is the best of all other sacred poets—there is the want of this fervor which you find in Charles Wesley. I have been accustomed to say that since the Psalms of David there has never been anything like them as a revelation of the evangelical spirit—that spirit which God has promised to all those that ask. In reading them, we realize how we may be led by the Spirit, and God’s words are brought in a living way to the mind. Wesley wrote so many hymns that it will be impossible now to notice more than two or three. We may call them a spiritual autobiography. He had known and felt all that he speaks of; and they cover also a great range of thought; there are indeed but few subjects he has not touched. There are hymns for the family, the birthday, days of rejoicing, days of mourning; hymns which touch upon all the events of life, and show a spiritual insight into human life to which no others have attained; and are also records of all his own experience. * * He sings of it in his hymns wherever he journeyed, and into whatever new place or house he entered. Whatever the event of life he wrought it into his hymns; and writing thus for half a century, how could he but be the most complete and vivid

religious poet of all? We have not time to dwell upon those specially suited to our church, but many of our most beautiful hymns are his. Our Easter hymn, 'Christ the Lord Has Risen Today,' our Advent hymn, 'Hark the Herald Angels Sing,' and the Ascension hymn, 'Our Lord is Risen from the Dead,' and very many others, were all the work of Charles Wesley. Most earnest and touching is that one beginning, 'Depth of mercy can there be;' also that one beginning, 'Sinner turn, why will ye die?' and that beautiful one which we have just sung, 'Jesus, Savior of my Soul.' So we may go on selecting, and find them all choice, all full of spiritual elevation which lifts them above all others. Not only are they the hymns of the heart, but superior as the best forms of poetry.

"All we can do at this time is to notice a few of these poems—the sublimest of all, the extreme, I think, that has been attained by Christian poetry; majestic, such as Milton and Shakespeare could not have excelled had they written upon these subjects. They are the perfection of spiritual song, reaching as far into the Infinite as human thoughts and words can. They have always been the chiefest and choicest productions, after the Bible, to me; and no other writings but the Bible have been so profitable to myself. This one, which I now read, reaches, perhaps more than any other, the utmost sublimity of expression, not excelled or attained by either Milton or Shakespeare:

" 'FREE GRACE.'

" 'Tis mystery all: the Immortal dies!

Who can explore His strange design?

In vain the first-born seraph tries

To sound the depths of Love divine.

'Tis mercy all! let earth adore;

Let angel-minds inquire no more.

- “He left His Father's throne above,
 (So free, so infinite His grace)
 Emptied Himself of all but Love,
 And bled for Adam's helpless race;
 His mercy all, immense and free,
 For, O my God, it found out me!
- “Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
 Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray;
 I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;
 My chains fell off, my heart was free,
 I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.
- “Still the small inward voice I hear
 That whispers all my sins forgiven;
 Still the atoning Blood is near
 That quenched the wrath of hostile Heaven.
 I feel the life His wounds impart,
 I feel my Savior in my heart.
- “No condemnation now I dread,
 Jesus, and all in Him, is mine:
 Alive in Him, my living Head,
 And clothed in righteousness divine,
 Bold I approach the eternal throne,
 And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.’

“Then here is another hymn which though expressed almost in the words of Scripture, shows that the poet KNEW IT ALL IN HIS OWN SOUL, having embodied in it the very witness of the Spirit, ‘FATHER, IF THOU MY FATHER ART.’

- “‘Father, if Thou my father art,
 Send forth the Spirit of Thy Son;
 Breathe Him into my panting heart,
 And make me know as I am known:
 Make me Thy conscious child, that I
 May ‘Father, Abba Father,’ cry!
- “‘I want the Spirit of power within,
 Of love, and of a healthful mind;
 Of power, to conquer inbred sin;

Of love to Thee and all mankind;
Of health, that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

“When shall I hear the inward voice,
Which only faithful souls can hear?
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys
Attend the promised Comforter.
He comes ! and righteousness divine,
And Christ and all with Christ is mine !

“O that the Comforter would come !
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me His constant home,
And take possession of my breast.
And make my soul His loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God !

“Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire,
Attest that I am born again !
Come, and baptize me now with fire,
Or all Thy former gifts are vain.
I cannot rest in sins forgiven;
Where is the earnest of my heaven ?

“Where Thy indubitable zeal,
That ascertains the kingdom mine ?
The powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of Love divine;
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God !”

“And here is also ‘A Morning Hymn.’ I have recalled it mentally, I think, every morning for many years:

“Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o’er the shades of night:
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

“Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

“Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect Day.’

“There is one other, perhaps the most marked, the most singular ever written; also displaying the greatest spiritual power, especially dear to all who have known what it is to struggle after God, and the longing to have His help. It is descriptive of the wrestling of Jacob with the Jehovah angel: ‘Come, O Thou Traveler Unknown.’

* * * * *

“We shall only have time to notice partially this one, which has also been considered very perfect by critics as being original and full of complete resignation to the will of God:

“‘THY WILL BE DONE.’

“‘I have the things I ask of Thee;
What more shall I require?
That still my soul may restless be,
And only Thee desire.

“‘Thy only will be done, not mine,
But make me, Lord; Thy home;
Come as Thou wilt, I that resign,
But O, my Jesus, come!’

“We have time for but one more of these great hymns, which is perhaps the most perfect of them all, the brightest in its strain of feeling and its view of Heaven; for it is as if he actually stood upon its verge; and it is surely the highest expression of exalted religious feeling attainable. With this poem we must close for this evening our recollections of this poet:

“‘COME, LET US JOIN OUR FRIENDS ABOVE.’

* * * * *

“Were anyone to ask me what I considered the most powerful influence in our Church, I would point, not as some would, to the lords or bishops of England, or her stately cathedrals, but I would say, Charles Wesley, who was inspired by the Holy Spirit, who lived and died in our Church, the author of such hymns; and thereby proved that there must have been in its worship and its communion much of vital, true, religion.

“We will close by singing the hymn, ‘Come, Let Us Join Our Friends Above.’”

To those who have heard the Reverend C. C. Peirce address them from the pulpit, a printed report of his words is disappointing. There was an intense earnestness, a fervor, which lent a charm to the spoken discourse that cannot be conveyed to the reader. The man’s very soul seemed infused into every word he uttered. It has been often remarked by both friends and strangers who have listened to any of his Sunday morning services

in the Church of our Savior, that as he stood behind the pulpit, every fibre of heart and brain vibrating in those matchless outpourings of Christ-like eloquence, the sunlight, beaming through the stained-glass windows and falling upon the rapt, upturned face and the stately robes of service, gave this kindly rector an appearance of saintliness that was indescribable. But it was not alone in the church that his power was felt. On public occasions, where his assistance was asked oftener than that of any other clergyman in El Dorado county, much the same effect was noticeable. His impressive Fourth-of-July prayer was always a grateful change from the stereotyped platitudes of the "orator of the day" and the hysterical school-girl rendering of the much-abused "Declaration of Independence." You instinctively felt that amid all this furore of patriotism (?) his was the one sincere, unostentatious voice.

But it was in his relations with children that Charles Caleb Peirce, like his Master, showed one of his most beautiful moral attributes; for, in common with his beloved Whittier, the most truly poetic of all American singers, this gentle pastor retained the child-soul, unsullied, throughout a life-time. This fact explains the strong hold

he had upon the minds and hearts of hundreds of little ones. However the older folk might come and go, the sweet, confiding friendship of the children never wavered. If you entered the Church of our Savior during the Sunday-School hour, you did not find a pompous rector whose very presence was a constant check upon childish artlessness, but you found instead a happy family wherein a man of scholarly mind and child-like heart was the guiding spirit.

In the Sunday-School, as elsewhere, this man was a centre from which the light of cheerfulness radiated. He seemed always content. In gloomy weather there were always special exercises which served to make the children forget the dismal outer world. There were rainy-day songs and rainy-day recitations. The 10th and 11th verses of the 55th chapter of Isaiah were repeated. "Green's History of England," a favorite of his, was often read from and made the subject of interesting talks. The following verse was frequently repeated by the children:

"Be with us at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored.
Bless Thou our food and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee."

And the "Children's Prayer", written by Mr. Peirce himself, was a general favorite:

"Dear Father in Heaven, we thank Thee, that Jesus came on earth, to save us from badness, and lead us to Heaven.

"We remember how He was a little Child in Bethlehem's manger; how He lived in His Nazareth home, the loving Son of Mary; how he is not ashamed to be a Brother with us; how He went about doing good, even to those who acted badly to Him.

"We are thankful that for us He died on the cross and rose from the grave.

"Help me to call Him my Saviour, and to be truly his follower. I must give my heart to Him and so keep from bad thoughts, bad words and bad acts, help my father and mother, and be kind to everybody.

"Give me a heart to listen to the Gospel about Jesus and to do what it says. May all my friends be friends of the Saviour. May all persons be like true brothers and sisters to each other, and love God, the Father, Son and Holy Spirit with the whole heart. So may we all meet in Heaven and be forever with the Lord. Amen."

On the first Sunday of each month the "Good Shepherd" Psalm was repeated in chorus, and during the last three years the hymn, "Jesus Loves Even Me," was always sung by the children.

To children and parents probably the exercises of greatest interest were those given on Mr. Peirce's favorite

holidays, Christmas and Easter. In both these entertainments the children themselves took the leading parts. Following is the customary Easter program:

Offertory	Rev. C. C. Peirce
Song, "The Children's Glorious Friend,"	Sunday School
Prayer and Remarks	Rev. C. C. Pierce
Recitations	
Bible Verses	
Song	Sunday-School
Recitations	
Song	Sunday-School
Bible Verses	
Song	Sunday-School
Recitations	
(Collection taken up)	
Two verses of Hymn	
(Reverend C. C. Peirce gives out books and cards as gifts to the children, and talks)	
Last verse of Hymn	
Benediction	

The order of exercises at Christmas was somewhat the same. And it may be interesting to know that the song, "Carol, Brothers, Carol," was sung at Mr. Peirce's first Christmas entertainment in Placerville and also at his last one. At both Christmas and Easter this unselfish friend of the people always gave away pretty cards and valuable books to hundreds of children and to many older people

wherever he preached throughout the county. Nothing hurt him more than to learn that through forgetfulness even one child had been unintentionally slighted. During the forty-two years of his life in El Dorado county he spent more than \$17,000 for these holiday gifts alone, to say nothing of the sum expended in numerous acts of charity.

Is it any wonder that the children loved this man with a fervor almost akin to adoration, and that they refuse to accept anyone else in the same spirit?

At times C. C. Peirce was misunderstood by people who knew him only superficially. He was a profound student, and often, when deep in meditation, would meet and pass friends in the street or along the highway as if he were wholly unconscious of their existence, as indeed he was. This trait of the scholar frequently caused this kindest of mortals to be cruelly misrepresented. When he was not engrossed in thought, his cheery, heart-felt greetings brought happiness wherever he went. The weather never worried him; in rain or in sunshine, whether the mercury stood at 16° or at 110°, to him it was still a "fine day" or a "model day." God willed it so, and it was all for the best!

But the trait which above all else attested his true nobility of character was his attitude of toleration toward his fellow-mortals. Seeing their faults, but passing them by, he always found some innate virtue, however small, that to him was the essence of divinity. His life-long habit of thus standing aloof from the evil and seeking only the good in his erring brethern made this modern world seem a realistic Garden of Eden to him. In what marked contrast to such a Christ-like being is that common reveler in filth—a malicious gossip; that self-appointed censor of other people's morals who is kept too busy picking flaws in his brothers to realize the unspeakable vileness of his own pitiable, narrow mind; and who not infrequently comes to look upon himself as the very incarnation of virtue, a chosen saint who purposes to uplift his fellow-men by trampling them in the mire!

Mr. Peirce's liberality was often manifested in ways that distinguished him from the typical orthodox minister of the Gospel. He had none of that bigotry which looks upon a serious, frowning countenance as a necessary mark of piety, but instead felt that laughter or tears, work or pastime, each in its season, was equally acceptable to

God. One event in his later life he often related, considering it a good joke.

On a certain summer's day, during one of his religious pilgrimages, he was tramping through the dust and heat toward a little village in the rural district when he met another pedestrian. Evidently the stranger did not notice the clerical appearance of the other; for after asking Mr. Peirce his destination, and being informed, he exclaimed, "Hurry up! There's the biggest faro game you ever saw going on in there!"

On October 5, 1891, the Ohio House, where the Reverend C. C. Peirce lived during the greater part of his life in Placerville, was almost destroyed by fire. Mr. Peirce lost but a few of his possessions. While the house was rebuilding, he lived in the Commercial Hotel. But on October 21, 1892, a second fire swept away the entire block in which the Commercial Hotel was located, destroying Mr. Peirce's books and magazines, the greater part of his wardrobe and other articles of value. During the remainder of his days he lived in the new Ohio House. And apropos of these matters may be mentioned the fact that Mr. Peirce always roomed next an alley. He would say,

"I was born on an alley, I shall live on an alley and die on an alley."

It was impossible that a human being so full of the divine spirit as Charles Caleb Peirce could escape criticism. Following his Master of nineteen centuries ago, every true disciple of Christ must sever the rigid bonds of creed and thereby bring upon himself the condemnation of the ungodly and the ignorant. The Reverend C. C. Peirce was no exception. The first criticism came from a certain bishop, who had veiled his eyes from the Truth so long and so persistently that he had forgotten the Christ and so failed to recognize His apostle. The second blow was nearer home: it came from within his own Church of our Savior, and was dealt by members of the congregation, who served mammon instead of God, and who wanted a "younger and more stylish" rector. But a storm of indignant protest burst from the loyal parishioners in the church and from persons of every creed in the town and county, and the threatened crisis was averted.

In February, 1902, occurred the death of Albert J. Lowry, who was a pioneer resident of Placerville, a Wells-Fargo Express agent, an ex-postmaster and a prominent member of the Masonic fraternity. At the funeral, March 2,

the Reverend C. C. Peirce delivered the following address:

“ ‘Wherewith shall I come before the Lord and bow myself before the high God? He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?’

(Micah, 6th Chapter.)

“So the essential requirement is, character of soul, sound with righteous living along the straight, white lines of duty, and heeding the eternal ‘ought.’ Such purpose, proved by conduct, which is character on action, is here made the test of acceptable life rather than the formalities, ecstasies, theories of religion. The prophet’s statement has been named as the greatest saying of the Old Testament; an ideal of religion to which no subsequent century has ever added grandeur or tenderness. It is also the ideal of Masonry; that large system of moralized and spiritualized emblematic teaching. Brother Lowry was for many years a listener to, and an instructor in, this.

“The most marked result of long life service, moved by such character, was the absolute confidence which every one, without exception, had in him; confidence in him as upright, faithful, careful, prompt, wise, kindly. A special fact was, that if our residents were asked to whom they would go, if counsel and advice, or help in difficulty were needed, Albert J. Lowry would be named by very many. They would confide in his respect for their feelings, his discretion, his well-balanced judgment, his close keeping of their confidences.

“Having acted in four organizations as Secretary, in which he was the presiding officer, opportunity was given

to know how he took to heart the work intrusted; how accurate, foresighted, conscientious, wise, he always was. This respect became in some of us, tinged with a feeling akin to reverence. It may seem out of place to use the word 'reverence' about so plain, unassuming, every-day a person as Brother Lowry. His life went into commonplace business errands in office and street. He was our equal among the many Lodge brethren. Most seem to think that to revere one, he must be off from us, by great age or attainments, superior rank or office. But weight of character, matured wisdom, and justice, unobtrusive helpfulness, caused us to regard him as the 'first among his equals' and a superior counsellor.

"Brother Lowry's strict habits were not those usually called popular and social; office, home and lodge were the circuit of life. But at home he was a steady, intelligent reader, and especially a reader of the 'Holy Writings.' These he had, as a lodge instructor, often mentioned as the inestimable gift of God to man." By faithful attention to the source of wisdom, he was able to be the adviser and exemplar for others.

"A best earthly gift is a friendly life we are constrained to honor because deeply and truly honorable. After forty years' fellowship with our citizens here, it can be witnessed to as a fact, that the life now gone from us has radiated through this community, wholesomeness, truthfulness, usefulness, harmony and practical righteousness, through the many years. 'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.' 'Who is a wise man and endowed with wisdom among you? let him show out of a good conversation his works with

meekness of wisdom!' 'He that doeth righteousness is righteous.' "

In politics, while nominally a Prohibitionist, in fact C. C. Peirce was a veritable Christian Socialist: first, because socialism—that is, national ownership of all the means of production and distribution—was to him the only political belief completely in accord with Christ's teachings; and second, because, in common with every thoughtful, well-read man or woman who judges both sides deliberately and without prejudice, he could see that socialism is the only logical, hence the one possible outcome of the present autocratic, anarchic position which capitalism holds toward labor and government. His article, "Optimism," published April 21, 1900, in the "Forward Movement Herald," a socialist publication of Los Angeles, shows how rationally and consistently he argued:

"There is a pessimism which is peevish, silly, and dyspeptic; it is constitutionally incapable of seeing anything good. There is an optimism which is hopeful, brave, noble and true and which in the deepest disaster bravely seeks to make the best of the situation. On the other hand there is a pessimism which is brave, far-sighted, earnest and unselfish; there is an optimism which is short-sighted, cowardly, dangerous and destructive. The optimism which can see no wrong when there is wrong, no danger when there is danger, and no need when there is need, is im-

moral, improvident and untrue. It is worse than this; it is blind, infatuated and fatal, leading on to certain ruin, and choosing defeat and death where the way of life might have been chosen. Those who are the victims of this delusive philosophy never enter the world's need, because they claim to behold no need. At the worst all the sin, all the misery, all the ruin, all the wrong according to them are only eddies in the onmoving current of God's beneficent plan, and therefore all is well. Beholding the world's need and listening to its cry, they shuffle off all sense of personal responsibility with the thought that progress is the divine programme of human activity, and that what one man may accomplish of evil or of good will have no influence upon the certain ultimate result. Disdaining to be fatalists, and denouncing the Calvinistic theory of 'foreordination,' they float down with the current of events, looking with disapprobation upon all noble and self-sacrificing souls who seek to throw their personality into the scales on the side of humanity and justice and right. They look with suspicion upon all who fearlessly take their stand against tyranny and sin and wrong. The history of all the past is filled with the record of disaster and ruin, into which men and nations have blindly plunged because they have persisted in their determination not to arouse themselves to grapple with thickening evils and dangers.

"John B. Gough in one of his thrilling flights of oratory pictures a boat load of young men drifting carelessly with laughter and song down the rapids of the Niagara river above the falls. Friends upon the shore warn them, shout and implore, but these deluded pleasure-seekers laugh, deride the warning, make no effort to recover themselves, and float carelessly on down the dangerously acceler-

ating current, until they plunge over into ruin and death. Mr. Gough told this to illustrate the condition of young men drunken with intoxicating drink; but how aptly does the figure illustrate the condition of our nation today, drunken with the wine of an unnatural, unequal and insidious prosperity. Men shout 'Danger!' but they deny it. Earnest men say, 'Beware!' but they shout 'Idiot! crank!' Earnest men say, 'The rapids are below you'; they deride the suggestion. In the presence of evils growing with tremendous and frightful rapidity, they are blind or pretend to be blind. Within sound of the growing expressions of discontent rising with insistent power upon the lips of millions they pretend not to hear. In the presence of a chasm constantly widening, between rich and poor, floating upon a current ever accelerating and ever bringing them nearer to the yawning gulf of ruin, they sit idle, preoccupied, irresponsible, non-committal, pretending to look with pity and contempt upon those who point out the danger. Such was the criminal optimism and blindness of a large class in those degenerate days preceding Israel's downfall, when earnest patriot and prophet fearlessly pointed out the ruin toward which the sacred nation was hastening with head-long speed. Let us go back and read the Hebrew prophets for a picture of our own times, and let us repent in sackcloth and ashes. Such was the infatuation and stubborn blindness of the triumphant Latin race, while many a Roman patriot sought in vain to avert the impending doom. Let us read Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of Rome.' Such was the criminal indifference of France, heeding not the cry of the over-burdened peasantry, nor the warnings of far-sighted statesmen. Let us read Carlyle's 'History of the French Revolution.'

"The man who sees no immediate hope for the great mass of humanity under present economic conditions, and who seeks to point out the evil and the remedy, is often sneered at as a miserable pessimist, and his voice of warning today, as in the days gone by, is frequently answered by the epithet of 'agitator,' 'sorehead,' or 'idiot.'

"The fact is, the optimism of the hour is in many instances not worthy the name. Its true synonym in many instances is 'indifferent selfishness.' An analysis of the causes which produce the apathetic, blinded, indifferent, rather than optimistic attitude of so many regarding present-day problems, evils and tendencies, reveals many elements. Some are blinded by seeming personal prosperity. The inheritors of comfortable fortunes, the possessors of lucrative business, are blinded.

"For some unaccountable reason they are blinded. 'Having eyes, they see not!' They see neither the wrongs which have left millions of their fellow-men stranded upon the barren sands of failure, nor the evils which are already slowly but surely undermining their present comfortable conditions. Many of those belonging to this class are honest. They simply do not see—in some instances cannot see.

"It is not always so. Many upon whom fortune has lovingly smiled do see. They are able to behold how millions of their fellow-men who have struggled as hard as they have been doomed to disappointment and failure. Some of these not only recognize the evil but are manly enough to take up humanity's cause, accepting the grievance of all weak, needy ones as their own. Many, on the other hand, of these so-called optimists are heartlessly dishonest. They claim to believe all is well where they know

this is not true. They cry, 'peace, peace,' when there is no peace. These men are not blind, but heartless. Keen-eyed and observant, they mark the sure signs of the coming storm, but being for the present securely entrenched in their comforts and privileges, with Louis XIV they heedlessly and blindly say:

" 'After us the deluge.'

"They see the storm coming on but believing it to be so timed as not to injure them, they refuse to avert the disaster which threatens others.

"Thank God, in times like these there are watchmen who will not hold their peace night or day. Fearless men who love the cause of humanity better than the applause of evil, they know no other course but to point out a danger where it appears. Such men fear the disapproval of God more than the sneers and misunderstandings of the world. Seers in vision and heroes in heart, they take their stand at the head of the world's progressive forces and there lead and champion the cause of truth and right. One age sneers at them, hates, condemns and crucifies them; the next places their names with tears of appreciation among its seers, prophets, patriots and heroes. Thus does every cross become a signal at once of love's sacrifice and the world's hope, and the lurid flames about every martyr stake light up the sure pathway of the world's progress.

" 'Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne—
Yet the scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own.' "

CHAPTER X.

THE SCHOOLS AND FRATERNAL SOCIETIES.

NEXT to his services as a pastor and home missionary, C. C. Peirce's greatest influence for good was along educational lines. Himself a finished scholar of far greater attainments and capabilities than any other in El Dorado county for the past forty years, he always manifested the deepest interest in the public schools of the county and state.

In the records of Placerville's City Council, under date of May 20, 1863, is the following entry:

"C. C. Peirce and J. H. McMonagle nominated for City Superintendent of Schools. Mr. Peirce elected."

His duties in this office included those of Secretary of the City Board of Education. Later, after the City Board was dissolved, Mr. Peirce still held the office of City Superintendent, also acting as Clerk of the Board of Trustees of the Placerville School District. When the city government was resumed, in April, 1900, C. C. Peirce was again reelected to the position he had held so long and so faithfully. Originally there was a nominal yearly salary of \$300 connected with the office; but it was never collected,

though C. C. Peirce performed his duties until sickness prevented.

In the minutes of the County Board of Auditors—a temporary substitute for the Board of Supervisors—appears this communication from the County Superintendent of Schools:

“Placerville, Cal., June 9, 1880.”

“To the Honorable Board of Auditors of El Dorado Co.,
Gentlemen:

I hereby notify your honorable Board, that in accordance with section 1768 of the Political Code, the members of the Board of Education of El Dorado county, at their first meeting, held June 5, classified themselves by lot, which action resulted in giving the short terms to C. U. Cromwell and C. C. Peirce, the long terms to E. Watkins and John Frace. The short terms expire July, 1, 1881, the long terms, July 1, 1882.

“Very Respectfully,

Charles E. Markham,

“Secretary Board of Education.”

C. C. Peirce was continually re-appointed to this office, remaining till the close of life a zealous, conscientious member.

As a scholar, he was thoroughly conversant with philosophy, history and general literature, but was especially proficient in Latin, Greek and Hebrew, reading the Holy

Scriptures as fluently in the three languages as in his native tongue.

While a member of the County Board of Education, he usually wrote all the examination questions in history, civil government and other literary subjects. His final work in that capacity was a paper on civil government for the ninth-grade pupils of El Dorado county, written during his last sickness.

C. C. Peirce always found much pleasure in his educational duties, making even the dry task of correcting examination papers seem interesting. His genial countenance was a veritable ray of sunshine in the dreary room where the applicants for teachers' certificates bent over their monotonous, brain-wearying toil. When correcting an applicant's paper, he always insisted that the student should have every possible credit. He would invariably object to a deduction of credits for trivial mistakes, whenever the applicant's handling of a subject showed that it was thoroughly understood. In this, as in all other walks of life, Charles Caleb Peirce exhibited his innate sense of justice, his spirit of true Christliness.

The fraternal societies were always extremely interesting to this man of varied tastes. "The lodge-room is my

home," he often said. First becoming identified with Odd-Fellowship in the East, he afterward affiliated with Templar Lodge, I. O. O. F., San Francisco, remaining with that lodge until death. In Placerville he was a Charter Member of Leona Rebekah Lodge, No. 30, I. O. O. F., organized April 2, 1876. He served as Chaplain of the Lodge fifteen years. On April 22, 1862, he joined—by card from Templar Lodge—Zeta Encampment, No. 5, I. O. O. F. And he served as High Priest during the greater part of his membership.

C. C. Peirce became a member of the Independent Order of Red Men during his early years in Placerville, and he was the only member there who retained any interest in the Lodge after it went out of existence. He was for years secretary for the trustees of Union Cemetery, a joint property of several fraternal societies.

He was made a member of El Dorado Lodge, No. 26, Free and Accepted Masons, February 24, 1862, and served as Chaplain and Secretary therein for nearly thirty years. He was exalted in St. James Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, November 30, 1864; and was knighted in El Dorado Commandery, No. 4, Knights Templar, on June 16, 1865. He became Prelate of the Commandery in 1866 and held that

office until death. He was also Past Grand Prelate about the year 1871. And he was a charter member of Fallen Leaf Chapter, No. 90, Eastern Star, formed August 23, 1886.

In 1898 the various Masonic lodges purchased a life-size portrait of C. C. Peirce; and it was unveiled in the Masonic Temple amid appropriate ceremonies.

Out of respect to their beloved Prelate, for many years it has been the custom of El Dorado Commandery, No. 4, Knights Templar, to attend the Easter services at the Church of Our Savior in a body.

At the Masonic banquets, as at all the fraternal gatherings, the Reverend C. C. Peirce was always given the place of honor. Whenever joking and laughter were heard around the tables, Mr. Peirce almost invariably spoke of the general good-fellowship prevailing: "Just like brothers and sisters together!" he would exclaim. When called upon for a speech, it was his custom to begin with an apology to the guests, and then recite, in his simple, heartfelt manner, some favorite lyric. His usual selection was from the "Masonic Poems of Dr. Robert Morris," the "Poet Laureate of Freemasonry:"

"THE LEVEL AND THE SQUARE."

"WE MEET UPON THE LEVEL, AND WE PART UPON THE SQUARE,—
What words of precious meaning those words Masonic are!

Come, let us contemplate them; they are worthy of a thought,—
With the highest and the lowest and the rarest they are fraught.

“We meet upon the level, though from every station come—
The King from out his palace and the poor man from his home;
For the one must leave his diadem without the Mason’s door,
And the other finds his true respect upon the checkered floor.

“We part upon the square, for the world must have its due;
We mingle with its multitude, a cold, unfriendly crew;
But the influence of our gatherings in memory is green,
And we long, upon the level, to renew the happy scene.

“*There’s a world where all are equal*,—we are hurrying toward it fast,—
We shall meet upon the level there when the gates of death are past;
We shall stand before the Orient, and our Master will be there,
To try the blocks we offer by His own unerring square.

“We shall meet upon the level there, but never thence depart.
There’s a Mansion,—’tis all ready for each zealous, faithful heart;
There’s a Mansion and a welcome, and a multitude is there,
Who have met upon the level and been tried upon the square.

“Let us meet upon the level, then, while laboring patient here,—
Let us meet and let us labor, tho’ the labor seem severe.
Already in the western sky the signs bid us prepare
To gather up our working tools and part upon the square!

“Hands round, ye faithful Ghiblimes, the bright, fraternal chain;
We part upon the square below to meet in Heaven again.
O what words of precious meaning those words Masonic are,—
WE MEET UPON THE LEVEL, AND WE PART UPON THE SQUARE.”

CHAPTER XI.

THE PILGRIM'S STAFF.

As Jesus of Nazareth, unmindful of blistered feet and aching body, tramped daily over the rugged pathways of Palestine, interpreting the Father's words and ministering to His children, so did the Reverend C. C. Peirce, following in his Master's footsteps while other ministers preached but practised not, trudge unfalteringly up and down the stony highways of El Dorado county, bearing everywhere the cheering message of Infinite Love and Helpfulness.

To C. C. Peirce the Master was always the "Carpenter of Nazareth"—a plain, humble working man earning his sustenance by the "sweat of his brow" in accordance with God's command; not a rich, useless drone living on the very life-blood of the workers. In his five "El Dorado County Tracts" and his "Isaiah" pamphlet, all published anonymously, Mr. Peirce carries out this idea of universal brotherhood—which is surely the essence of true Christianity,—showing conclusively that a system of government which causes an unequal distribution of wealth is

anti-Christian, and in the logic of events—as proven by the history of nations from time immemorial—a nation so ruled, if its citizens persist in stubbornly or ignorantly upholding its tyrannical sway, is doomed to certain destruction. The socialism of the progressive modern world is but the logical outcome of the communism taught by Christ in the primitive days of old; and any intelligent, professed Christian who denounces or ignores socialism is either a conscious or an unconscious hypocrite, according to his knowledge of the subject.

Believing in a Christianity which is seen as well as heard, the Reverend C. C. Peirce spent his time in putting his creed into practice. When not engaged in educational work—such as necessary when the Board of Education met in special session—he spent nearly every day but Sundays in walking over the county, stopping in every settlement to hold religious services in hall or school-house. He never failed in an appointment while health and strength lasted. Whether the rain fell in torrents, or the day grew stifling with its heat and dust, this loyal disciple of the Christ still plodded onward in his labor of love. If anyone offered him a ride at such a time, he always answered with the greatest courtesy, but invariably declined all as-

sistance. Frequently he would add in his eloquent simplicity,

“Why should I ride? MY MASTER WALKED!”

During a journey afoot he indulged in a continual soliloquy. When questioned by the curious in regard to this habit of holding conversation with himself, he would answer, “I am talking to my ‘older brother.’” If we could know the complete text of some of those absorbing talks with that mythical “older brother,” we should certainly be well entertained thereby. Yet doubtless many of the themes of discussion approached too near the Infinite for a common mortal to follow.

On all these journeys, and in fact at every other place and time except in his own church during the service, Mr. Peirce wore a suit of plain gray. Doubtless this taste was inherited from his Quaker ancestors.

C. C. Peirce was a welcome and much-beloved guest at every country fireside; for, indeed, it was in the sweet simplicity of rural life where his nobility of soul was most clearly recognized and most truly appreciated. The town, with its atmosphere of prejudice, frivolity, vice and indifference, failed to discern the real grandeur of the inner man.



REVEREND C. C. PEIRCE, "THE PEOPLE'S PASTOR"

He had a particular lodging-place in every neighborhood. "These are my homes," he would say; and to him they certainly were homes in the full sense of the word. Everyone in a house where he stayed looked upon him as a member of the family. He came and went as if he belonged there, extending no formality and expecting none. A room was set apart for him, and was rarely occupied when he was away from it; to all the family it was "Mr. Peirce's room."

He always left early in the morning, often at half-past three or four o'clock. So anxious was he to avoid inconveniencing any person, that he refused to allow anyone to get breakfast for him; but would ask that some bread and fruit might be left on the table the night previous. After dressing, he would eat his simple meal and go on his way.

On these journeys he always carried an extra suit of underwear, the necessary books, Sunday-School papers for the children, some candles for use during the service and often some extra books and cards. For many years these articles were carried in an old-fashioned carpet-bag, but during the latter part of his life he used a light "telescope" for the purpose. He often said the load had become "a part of" him; "seemed to balance" him.

He always went to each temporary house of worship accompanied by members of the family with whom he was staying. When the services were ended, he and his friends walked "home" together, passing the time in pleasant converse.

The Protestant Episcopal ritual was never used on these occasions. Here the Reverend C. C. Peirce was the "people's pastor," having neither sect nor creed. The meeting opened with "The Children's Prayer," repeated in unison; followed by "The Lord's Prayer," which all recited. Two or three hymns were next sung, after which the sermon began. Whenever the pastor came to a quotation from the Holy Scriptures he would pause and ask everyone to repeat it. When the sermon was over, "Rock of Ages" was usually sung. Then came the "Benediction," uttered so earnestly and so feelingly that it seemed to the assembled people as if a voice were speaking from out the skies.

When the services were done and all were home once more, the family sat down to have a pleasant chat. In such a place religion was never mentioned by C. C. Peirce unless some other person first broached the subject. The talk was of familiar, every-day matters. And often, too,

the gentle pastor would recall reminiscences of his boyhood days, and as he rambled on and on through those happy scenes of long ago, the surrounding objects appeared to fade away, and everyone was living in a land of youth and pleasure where care and hardship were unknown. Thus the time wore on until the hour for retiring was long past. But even then no one was willing to break up the circle.

As age approached and those long trips became more and more irksome, friends ventured to remonstrate with Mr. Peirce for persisting in his missionary work. The reply was characteristic of the man.

"Why," said he, "if I didn't go, many of those children out there would never hear of Jesus."

And thus, forgetful of his own waning strength, and thinking only of those who needed aid and comfort, this unselfish teacher of the people went on in his work of devotion; but while losing bodily power, he was steadily advancing in that spiritual growth which would sustain him in that longer journey wherein Peace and Joy were his companions and the end was the Home of the Immortals.

CHAPTER XII.

SICKNESS.

WITH the exception of an attack of eczema seven years before, up to 1902 Mr. Peirce's general health had been excellent. But late in the summer of 1902 the same disease again manifested itself in him, appearing first on the hands, feet and ankles. The physicians announced that his long walks through the county and the constant strain of carrying the loaded satchel were largely responsible for the disease. There was no actual suffering, but as the eczema progressed the performance of the missionary work grew more arduous, as the condition of Mr. Peirce's feet and ankles made walking extremely difficult. Apart from this one affliction, his health did not seem affected.

In vain did the physician advise, and other friends entreat him to give up his country services. He felt that for him, the night was fast approaching, and that he must toil in the vineyard as long as the day lasted. And so, with his strength going hourly, but with a heart ever growing in love for the Master whom he had served loyally for nearly half a century, this undaunted Soldier of the Cross

marched sturdily onward until a time when his swollen feet and ankles made those fatiguing tramps an utter impossibility. Already the twilight of life was darkening his vision.

He told the children at Sunday-School one day that he would not be with them at Christmas. Many a child wept openly at the announcement, and every eye in the room grew moist with sympathy. But the Lord spared him a little longer, and the joy and yet the sorrow of the little ones on that last Christmas Day only the children may know. They had enjoyed so many happy hours together, they could not bear to think that they would never again see in its accustomed place the familiar form they loved so well. And when the last kindly words had been spoken, and the last books and cards given out by the hands which were soon to be folded in eternal rest, the children, passing through the doorway of the Church of Our Savior, looked backward through their tears at the beloved face so full of tenderness and love for them and all mankind. Oh, if they could only keep him one year more, "just one little year, O Lord!"

Thinking that possibly a visit to Byron Springs would prove beneficial to their Good Samaritan, the fraternal so-

cieties of which he was a member immediately raised the funds necessary to send him there.

On the evening of January 10, 1903, the "Placerville Music and Drama Club," composed of young people of the city, gave, as a "benefit" for Mr. Peirce, a theatrical entertainment, "Uncle Rube." The proceeds were \$130,—“a fund with which to buy more books for the children,” the unselfish rector said; but, alas! his generous purpose was never to be realized.

On February 22 the Reverend C. C. Peirce performed the baptismal ceremony for Alta, infant daughter of Thomas and Ada Hardie, well-known residents of Placerville; on the day following he officiated at the funeral of an old man, Edward Eidinger, a brother of one of the pioneer citizens. What a fitting end that was to his duties as a pastor of the people, and how deeply significant of the great change even then impending—one day murmuring tender, hallowed words over an innocent babe at the very outset of Life's highway, the next uttering a touching yet hopeful farewell above the grave of a careworn traveler behind whom earth's portal had forever closed! In the first instance, surely the little child, whose stainless soul had been consecrated to the Christ by one who stood so

near the gentle Nazarene—surely her young life might grow yearly in sweetness and purity because of that experience. And that other soul which had lately quitted its earthly tenement—if our faith is aught but a dream—must have found exceeding comfort and happiness in that sorrowful, eloquent appeal which floated upward to the Eternal Throne.

On the latter occasion Mr. Peirce was unable to stand during the ceremony, and a chair was placed for him. In the midst of the burial service the earth, softened by recent rains, gave way, causing him to slip from his chair, and he was saved from falling into the open grave only by the timely assistance of the bystanders. But he went on with the ceremony as calmly as if no interruption had occurred.

One of his last acts before leaving for Byron Springs was the giving of five dollars to a destitute family. That was but one of numberless instances of that whole-hearted generosity which once impelled this friend of humanity to present his new overcoat to a coatless stranger whom he met on the highway, and to walk onward, unprotected, in a pouring rain.

After the arrival at Byron Springs Mr. Peirce's con-

dition appeared more favorable. His attendant wrote back to Placerville:

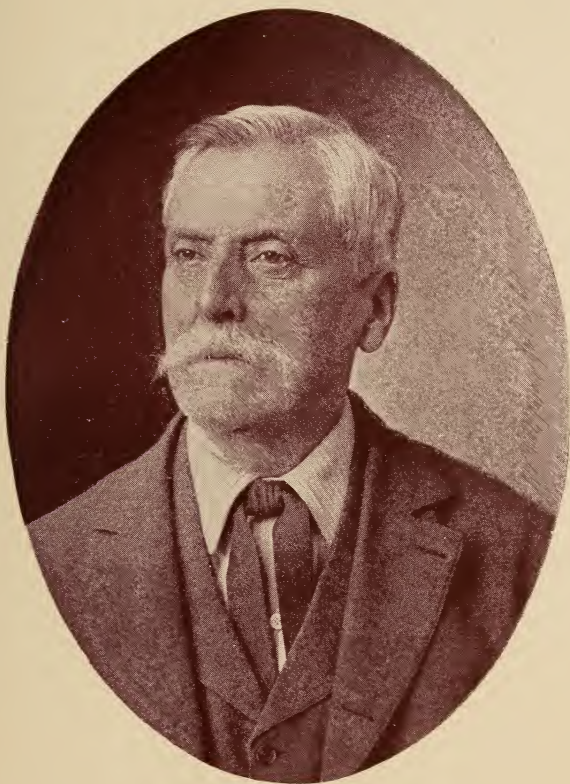
"There are good people here and they will look after Brother Peirce. I might return and save you five dollars a day."

Immediately the answer came:

"Stay where you are; money no object; spare no expense." A reply worthy of whom it concerned, and a signal justification of his unfaltering trust in the willingness and ability of the Lord to provide for him in sickness as in health.

It soon appeared that the change for the better was only temporary. The patient grew steadily weaker. He yearned for the hills among which he had toiled so many years. As the sojourn at Byron Springs was evidently of no material benefit, he was taken to San Francisco for medical treatment. The city was reached March 5. A prominent San Francisco physician was consulted and he announced that Mr. Peirce was in the last stages of Bright's disease of the kidneys. He advised an immediate return to Placerville, as there was no hope of the patient's recovery.

An ex-merchant and his wife, residents of Placerville,



LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE REVEREND C. C. PEIRCE

sat by Mr. Peirce's bedside all that evening. He told them he knew what the physician had said. But despite his knowledge of the hopelessness of his case he seemed unusually cheerful and talked as much as his strength permitted. The ex-merchant's wife sat by and fanned him, as the close air of the room seemed oppressive to him. For this, and for every little kindness he was sincerely grateful, and would frequently exclaim, "Thanks! thanks for friends, friends, friends!"

Yet he was impatient to be on his way to the mountains. He had lived so long away from the bustling city that it now appeared like a prison to him.

"Oh, if I could get home to the village life, the sunshine, the pure air!" he cried. "I want a room on the south side of the house, where I can get the sunshine, the pure air; where I can see the blue sky and hear the birds sing!"

As the night wore on he would continually ask the time, and whether it was time to start, and if he might get up and dress. He was so eager to be away, to be among his friends.

At about six o'clock it was found impossible to keep him in bed any longer; so he was allowed to get up and be dressed. Even then he seemed too excited to eat his breakfast.

Two hours later he was homeward bound. Sacramento was soon reached, and then came the weary ride over the hills to Placerville. But at last the brakeman announced the name of that famous old mining town, and the journey was over.

Before many minutes had passed the Reverend C. C. Peirce was at home and content, in the little room which was his last abode on earth.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

At first the Reverend C. C. Peirce appeared so full of cheerfulness and so much stronger than was expected, that his friends almost dared to hope the impossible. Perhaps after all he was better and would be spared to guide and sustain them for many years to come. It is so natural for human-kind to find comfort in closing their eyes to the inevitable.

But alas for the futility of man's desires when they oppose the decrees of the Infinite! The symptoms which in the average mortal would indicate anticipation of recovery were in C. C. Peirce but the awakening of a great soul to a brighter and happier day.

How grateful he was through it all for every little kindness offered him! And how his gratitude to the Creator seemed to grow with the waning of his bodily powers! There was nothing to complain of; for him God and man were working together to make the way pleasant and the end serene.

"It is so good that I do not have to suffer," he would

often say to the friends gathered beside him.

Who could fail to see the hand of God during those closing days? Truly it was both just and fitting that this gentle, child-like man, whose long life had been spent in cheering and uplifting his fellow-men, should pass without a struggle from this world to the peace of eternity!

He constantly spoke of different friends and manifested a desire to see them. But failing strength soon made extended conversation an impossibility, and he could talk only in monosyllables. Toward the close, Mr. William Bland, principal of the Placerville schools, and in some respects Mr. Peirce's most intimate friend, came to stay with him.

On Thursday afternoon, three days before the end came, Mr. Peirce, evidently thinking that death was already near, signified an eagerness to communicate something to his chosen friend; and as the faithful comrade leaned toward him, these words were uttered slowly but distinctly:

"I live not—I—but Christ liveth in me. * * I have always believed in the pure orthodox, evangelical religion, but not in the frauds of priest-craft. * * To depart and be with Christ is far better. * * Forty years of constant life will show what a man believes in—what his life is—

where his money goes. * * You know the items in the will—there is a reason for everything. * * Christ without any fraud—pure gospel. * * No human being likes to suffer in the dying hour more than at any other time, but we wish to bear testimony to our God and Savior. We should be very thankful that we can leave the world without pain and perfectly reasonable. * * Sing at my funeral the ‘Templar’s Hymn.’”

“He next repeated, with slight changes in the text, these lines from Whittier’s “Our Master”:

“Our EARTHLY lips confess Thy name

All other names above;

Love only knoweth whence it came

And comprehendeth love.

“Through Thee the first fond prayers are said

Our lips of childhood frame;

The last low whispers of our dead

Are hallowed with Thy name.”

And then the final words: “I die in peace.”

To Charles Caleb Peirce, that was virtually the end. That was his last message to the world. Although he spoke occasionally during the remaining hours, nothing more was said in the nature of a farewell.

What a sublime faith that was which could hold its

possessor in undisturbed serenity up to the very gates of Death!

Thereafter, except at long intervals, he gave no sign of consciousness save to nod or shake his head in answer to some question. Once he expressed a desire to have the prayers of his church read. When asked if he would like to have "Brother Hays" come and pray for him, he said earnestly, "Yes! yes! send for him!"

The Reverend E. B. Hays, pastor of the Presbyterian Church and a sincere, outspoken Christian, putting his Savior before his creed, came then and afterward to read and pray for the stricken brother whose "earthly lips" could no longer utter the words of holiness he loved so well; who, lying there so helpless, listened eagerly to that soothing voice, and at intervals murmured faintly, but so earnestly, "That's good!"

But the mystic reaper was hourly approaching. On Saturday, March 14, the friends at the bedside saw those stainless lips parting as if to speak, and coming nearer, heard this line from a favorite hymn:

"Still support and comfort me."

"We will, Brother Peirce," the attendant said.

Faintly came the gentle rebuke:

"I was referring to my heavenly Brother, though I am very thankful to all my earthly friends."

That was all. The beloved pastor lapsed into semi-unconsciousness, half-sleeping, half-waking; but he spoke no more. Awestruck, the watchers in that room of death sat and waited as that wondrous, unseen Presence nearer and nearer drew. At half an hour before midnight it had come and gone. Quietly, simply, as he had lived, Charles Caleb Peirce had sunk into a dreamless sleep, and his noble, Christ-like soul had floated upward to a realm where "virtue" is the only countersign. In that hallowed moment verily that grand old psalm with which he had comforted so many others had for him a deeper, a truer significance:

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

CHAPTER XIV.

AT REST.

THE universal feeling of sorrow which descended like a pall when it was known that the Reverend C. C. Peirce was no more, is without a precedent in the history of El Dorado county. It seemed as if every home had been visited individually by the grim destroyer.

On Monday morning, March 16, "The Placerville Nugget," under the heading, "EL DORADO MOURNS HER GRAND OLD MAN," said:

"Rev. C. C. Peirce passed away at the Ohio House about 11:30 last Saturday night. This is the cold statement of the fact. To enlarge upon it and to fully present it in all its significance, would be to present a story replete with all that is noble and worthy in human life—a history of a consecrated life, filled with the essence of human kindness, shorn of all that is mercenary and base, and followed by the benedictions of thousands of persons who are the living witnesses to his sanctity of character and his wonderfully charitable disposition. No one in the history of the county will be missed as keenly as 'the pilgrim' whose death is the sad subject of this article."

It was decided that the body should lie in state in the Church of Our Savior from Monday until the following

Wednesday, when the last sad rites were to be held. On Tuesday, Mayor Wrenn issued the following proclamation:

"There has passed from us a most remarkable man, unique and historic in character; whose like none of us can know in the person of any other individual.

"Rev. C. C. Peirce spent more than forty years of his life in this community. Without money and without price, this devoted, pure and spotless man labored as an educator, a moralist and spiritual teacher for the upbuilding and betterment of his fellows. No individual person or home was ever tarnished by his influence, nor was there any presence but was made better, purer and brighter thereby. A man of high educational and intellectual attainments, he was the least ostentatious of men. He was plain, candid and simple as a child throughout his career. The life of this genuinely heroic character has closed, and in recognition of his services and the memory he has left us, I most respectfully request that the public schools of this city be closed throughout to-morrow, and that all places of business also be closed between the hours of 1 and 4 P. M. to-morrow.

J. Q. Wrenn, Mayor."

"Placerville, March 17, 1903.

Wednesday dawned, the first sunny day after a week of rain and mist. It seemed as if nature itself had united with the stricken multitude in doing homage to this man of God.

Early in the forenoon people began coming into town from all directions; in carriages, on horseback, and afoot

they came, from every neighborhood in El Dorado county. By one o'clock hundreds of visitors of both sexes and of all ages were in the little mountain city. It was a universal tribute of respect to the memory of a brother and a friend.

Long before the beginning of the services the Church of our Savior, in which the sainted rector lay at rest, was filled to overflowing, and hundreds of people waited outside the doors and at the cemetery. Children of tender years, young men and maidens, gray-haired grandparents, persons of every age and in every station were there, in that sacred room where the beloved pastor had taught them and generations gone before; still he was present, but his voice was hushed in that "sleep that knows not breaking," and those familiar walls were sad with the colors of death.

They waited, silent. Then the officiating Bishop, Mr. W. H. Moreland, standing before the casket, gave the opening portion of the majestic burial service. The singers—the combined choirs of the Episcopal, Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal churches, under the direction of Mr. William Bland—sang "Jesus, Lover of my Soul" so tenderly that many wept in sympathy at this touching reminder of the dear friend who had gone from earth. Then Bishop Moreland, stepping forward once

more, concluded the Episcopal ritual; and, then, with face uplifted over his sleeping comrade and brother, poured forth his very soul in a sublime eloquence of sorrow:

“‘Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.’

“We have come to this assembly today with bowed heads and bleeding hearts. The friend of all has passed away, and now his body in the calm majesty of death lies here in the church of his love awaiting the resurrection. No more will his feet tread the dusty highways upon his errands of mercy; no more will his kindly face be seen in the homes of the poor; no longer will his lips expound the words of that Holy Book he loved so well. In every home and kitchen and farm-house in the county he will be missed.

“There was something in the life of this man that touches the most tender chords in our nature. It is a rare spectacle witnessed today: a whole county gathered at this burial; tears of affection glistening in the eyes of stalwart men; broken tones of grief rising out of the hearts of a multitude. Men, women and little children, what is the explanation of it? I think it is because we all feel instinctively that this man was something like Jesus Christ, that he was different from the common run of men. He went about doing good; he cared for others, and not for self. And he belonged especially to you. He gave you his life, his youth, his manhood, his age, and I tell you, just as truly as that Jesus Christ died for the world, so Charles C. Peirce died for you, men and women of El Dorado county. That is why your tears flow. It is not an

emotion that you need be ashamed of; it is a tribute of your affection and appreciation, for 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' Now that his body lies here calm and still, his work well done, we ought to try to gather up the meaning of his life in order that we may cherish it and try to act upon it ourselves. We all feel and recognize that it is only too rarely we have a life such as this before us and we cannot afford to lose any of the meaning of this unique and precious life.

"It seems to me, my dear people, that there were three great main-springs of motive that made Charles Peirce the man he was. They were faith in God, love of Christ and independence of the world. Let us consider for a few moments each of these things. First, he was a man of faith. You knew that the moment you started to talk with him; he built his whole life upon faith. He was born in Cincinnati, in the year 1825, more than 77 years ago, and when he had received his early education at school and academy he began the study and practice of law. But very soon he felt his heart yearning toward the salvation of his fellow-creatures and so he decided to enter the ministry and he studied at the General Theological Seminary of New York. After a course of three years he was ordained and at the age of 35 came out to California. For a few months he was connected with one of the large wealthy churches in the great city of San Francisco; but he was not happy there, and an event occurred while he was connected there which changed his whole life. I do not think that I betray his confidence when I mention it. It was something like this: there were certain worldly-minded people in his congregation, good-hearted, well-meaning people, but unable

to see one inch into spiritual things. Some of them said to him one day, 'Mr. Peirce, you want to make a success of your ministry and the way to do it is to cultivate the rich, for wealth rules and money controls the world.' One can imagine the feelings of a young priest with the ardent love of Christ and humanity in his heart upon hearing such sentiments expressed on the part of his own people. This was the answer: 'You would try to make an infidel out of me. The Savior says truth, love and righteousness will conquer. He bids us put our trust in him and not in wealth. You profess to believe this in theory but in your hearts you believe that money controls and accomplishes all.'

"Peirce turns to flee as from the devil's snares. He resolves to go into the wilderness and throw himself upon the arm of the Lord. It was in that spirit he came to Placerville in the spring of 1861. That was why he refused to take any fixed salary from his vestry, because he did not want to lean upon an arm of flesh. How he lived that life of faith here among you for 42 years you know far better than I. His life was like an open book; he was simple and candid as a child; as transparent as a crystal globe through which the light was ever shining, and that light came from the throne of God. When you talked with him you felt he was breathing an atmosphere of some other life than this, that he could make his own the words of Christ, who said, 'I have meat to eat that ye know not of.' His greatest delight was in teaching the Word of God. He recognized in scripture messages from the Eternal World and he studied them and mastered them and repeated them over and over, comparing them to telegrams, the sender of which was unseen. He was a pilgrim on the road, but always came back on Sunday to his beloved

church to hold his services. He was a deep student, keeping fresh in his Hebrew and Greek up to the very last. His annotations are to be found upon the margins of his books, wherein he was ever searching as in a mine for treasures that he might bring them out to his people. Sometimes he compared himself to a wheel in a running stream, with a never-failing supply of Holy Scripture running through him. That the Bible should do its work among the people was his idea. So he became himself all these years the living incarnation of faith, and you beheld and marveled. One day when he was walking with me on the road he said, 'Emmanuel is nearer to me than the air I breathe or the food I eat. The world is passing away, and my flesh is perishing, but the Savior is the one great reality of life.' O, my friends, such a life as this could be a power and an inspiration to you if you would only let it. When your sin obscures the face of God, when your sordid aims make you forget your immortality and tempt you to live for the present, let the remembrance of Brother Peirce's life lift up your gaze and remind you that you belong to God. Forty-two years this man lived this life of faith in this county. What a responsibility! Do you not feel that the whole county ought to know God better and obey Him better because he lived? Do you not feel that when the day of judgment comes it would have been better for you if Brother Peirce had never lived and died among you unless you are going to try to follow his example?

"The second great inspiration of his life was the love of Christ. He manifested it in the love of his fellow-man. Think of the miles and miles that he walked through the rain and heat, never failing to keep his appointments.

It was all inspired by the love of Christ. Think of the packet of sacred treasures that he carried with him and gave away to the people. Those little books that he gave you will be among your most precious possessions. Four years ago he showed me the accounts that he had kept in his methodical way, and up to the year 1899 he had spent sixteen thousand dollars on the religious books and the sacred pictures and papers that he gave away. He begrudged every dollar spent on himself. He saved every dollar that was given him or that he earned in order that he might buy more books to give away. See the wonderful record of his Church, what he did as its pastor for all the people, a book so valuable that I shall ask the vestry to have it preserved in fire-proof vaults with your county records, where all the people may know that it is safe and accessible. He conducted more than 1300 funerals, 600 marriages and more than 700 baptisms. Other ministers came and went, but Brother Peirce remained. Others were influenced by the idea of large salaries and congregations but it did not touch him at all; it was enough for him that he should be the shepherd of the people of this county, and that when they called on him at any hour of day or night he might be ready. Men and women; you must have seen that he has been manifesting to you the love of Christ all these years? Surely you did recognize it, and that is why this outpouring of sorrow and sympathy is seen today. Yes, the love of Christ was in his heart. How different were your motives from his. You came here to get, he came here to give. You saved, he scattered. You sought the material gold, he the gold of character and goodness. Which was better? You can never say you did not see Christ walking your streets, living your life.

He was here, showing you the life you ought to live—Emmanuel Himself, in the person of this gray old man. It was Jesus Christ in the person of this faithful servant, ever pleading with you and silently drawing you to a Christian life.

“The third great key-note of Mr. Peirce’s life was his independence of the world. That is why he refused to accept a fixed income. That is why he would not save money. He inherited a little fortune early in life from his father before he entered the ministry, but touched by the misfortune of a friend in business, he loaned him the money and got none of it back. He did not care; it only served to make him throw himself more earnestly upon the promise of the Savior. ‘Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.’ This was his Savior’s word, and he believed it literally and lived by it. Very sensibly he said, ‘Of course, if I were a married man I could not live as I do; I would have obligations to meet for my family, and would need to save and provide for the future; but I am single, my people are my family, and I believe if I serve God and spend all I get on God, then when I need, God will provide for me; He will fulfil His promise, and so I will leave all to Him.’ Sometimes he compared himself to St. Peter walking on the sea, holding fast to the hand of Jesus Christ, sustained from above and independent of the world. How magnificently his faith was justified! Did you know when you were providing so liberally for him in his sickness that you were fulfilling the promises of Jesus Christ? Don’t you know that was why he was so happy in his last illness, because he felt that his Savior’s promise was proved, every word of it? He had nothing, yet he possessed everything; not a dollar in the bank, yet you

could have gone out on the street and whispered his name and in an hour collected a thousand dollars. The word of Jesus Christ was being fulfilled—that was it. What was the meaning of the message sent back to the attendant who went with him to Byron Springs? ‘There are good people here,’ he wrote, ‘and they will look after Brother Peirce. I might return and save you five dollars a day.’ Instantly the answer was received: ‘Stay where you are; money no object; spare no expense.’ You were not aware of it, but God was using you to fulfil His promise; you were proving that God speaks the truth in his Holy Word. O, my dear friends, don’t let this wonderful life pass out from among you without seizing upon its real meaning, without trying to feel its supernatural power.’ He was showing you how to be independent of the world; how to live in it yet above it. He had the true riches, compared with which earthly gold is cheap and pale. Every day brought him nearer to his inheritance. He walked through life happy and content; he had no apprehensions for the future—his life was as free as the bird or the flower which God provides for. Although his feet were on earth his heart was in Heaven. You are afraid that poverty may overtake you. He had no such fears; he was independent of it. When sickness came, it was nothing to him. When he knew he had to die he conversed calmly about it and made all preparation. Wonderful blessing, to be able to live in this world of unhappiness and misery; to see poverty, disease and death approach and yet be independent of it all! Can we have that blessing? O, charmed life, to move amid the fiery furnace of this life’s experiences and yet go smiling through them all! Can we have that life? You can possess it as he did by seeking it at the same source. You know that

he possessed it, you saw it in him. How account for it? It was because he was not alone; there was One walking with him through life's trials and the form of that other was like the Son of God. Men and women of El Dorado, you have had this living sermon on Christianity acting itself before your eyes all these years. Whether you went to church or not, you have seen the life you ought to live. In the day of judgment you cannot plead ignorance; you know what kind of people you ought to be. The question alone remains: are you going to try to follow even afar off the example of this noble man? Is this most Christ-like witness to be in vain? Surely if these dumb lips could utter one last message to you before he is taken to his last resting-place, it would be something like this. He would say, 'O my people, the life of faith—will you live it? The life of love—will you practice it? The life of independence—will you enter into it? The way to do it all is to come to God. Put your hand trustfully in the hand of Emmanuel and He will lead you to the Father.'

Now, good and noble man, farewell! Thou hast been a true disciple of Jesus Christ, a faithful minister of His Church. Thy bishop is glad and proud to lay the laurel on thy brow. We did not count thee perfect, free from the failures and imperfections of our human nature. Thine was a rugged personality. But we saw in thee the shining gold of unselfishness. We recognized thy grandeur because thou wast full of God. With God thou didst walk on earth, with God thou art walking now, and thy delight will be to walk with Him through eternity. Brother, thy life has inspired us, blessed us and shown the way to Heaven. Fare thee well."

The people had listened, spell-bound, to the opening lines of that matchless eulogy; but when the Bishop told of their duties to the dead, and speaking for those voiceless lips, gave utterance to that touching appeal to heart and conscience, the silence was broken; women and little ones sobbed aloud, while many an eye grew moist in sympathy. And when the choir, sadly and tenderly, drifted into the melody of "Sun Of My Soul," hearts long grown callous to fervid eloquence yielded to that subtle charm which music has for all, and sweet-faced child and thoughtless youth, people bent with age, fragile women, and stout, broad-shouldered men alike gave way to one common impulse of sincere, unrestrained grief.

The song died away; Mr. Bland, the director, seated at the organ, played a dirge, and the vast assemblage, moving in time to those mournful strains, marched one by one adown the aisles and past the sombre casket, each stopping in turn for a last farewell to the beloved friend who lay there so white and still. And yet it hardly looked like death. That pure and kindly face, so tranquil in its dream of peace, was so life-like that it seemed as if those silent lips were saying, "Weep not, O my people! for I am happy now!"

Still on and on, slowly, reverently, the sad procession filed past that Christ-like form, until the last one in that weeping multitude had paused beside the coffin and the wailing tones of the organ had faded into silence. The casket was closed, and the pall-bearers, with gentle hands, carried it between the lines of mourning friends, out to the shining chariot of the dead which stood ready to receive its burden. Slowly the many carriages drove into line, the pedestrians, with hushed footfalls, moved along the sidewalks, and another mortal was on his way to his eternal resting-place. Soon the sombre procession had reached the Union Cemetery and was treading the shaded aisles of that beautiful city of silence, where hundreds from many generations were lying, all unconscious that another and a greater comrade was come to sleep with them. Even now he had reached his bed, freshly made in the virgin earth. Reverently the casket was carried from the hearse and set down by the open grave. And amid a vast stillness Acting-Chaplain J. F. Owen, obeying a request of their late Chaplain, stepped forward and gave the burial service of the Odd Fellows. Suddenly, faintly as if the sound came from celestial choirs, the sublime strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" were wafted to the listening

ear, and in that moment of awful solemnity the casket was lowered into the waiting tomb, while tears gathered in every eye and a sympathetic throb of anguish quivered through the hearts of a multitude. And when Worshipful Master M. Mierson, in compliance with a last wish of him who had served the Lodge faithfully almost a third of a century, recited the impressive closing portion of the Masonic ritual, many turned away unable to bear the sadness of it all. But their grief was softened as Mr. Shelley Inch read their beloved friend's favorite poem, Whittier's immortal lines of sublime faith, hope and love, "Our Master":

"OUR MASTER."

"Immortal Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never-ending sea!

"Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

"Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away!
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
How wide and far we stray!

"Hush every lip, close every book,
The strife of tongues forbear;
Why forward reach, or backward look
For love that clasps like air?

"We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down:

In vain We search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown

"Nor holy bread, nor blood of grape,
The lineaments restore
Of Him we know in outward shape
And in the flesh no more.

"He cometh not a king to reign;
The world's long hope is dim;
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for Him.

"Death comes, life goes; the asking eye
And ear are answerless;
The grave is dumb, the hollow sky
Is sad with silentness.

"The letter fails and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit over-brooding all
Eternal Love remains.

"And not for signs in heaven above
Or earth below they look
Who know with John His smile of love,
With Peter His rebuke.

"In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is His own best evidence,
His witness is within.

"Nor fable old, nor mythic lore,
Nor dream of bard and seers,
No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years;—

"But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

"The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;

We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

"Through Him our first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

"O Lord and Master of us all !
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

"Thou judgest us; Thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer Thee
Is hot with wrath to them.

"Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight:
And, naked to Thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of Thy pure countenance.

"Thy healing pains, a keen distress
Thy tender light shines in;
Thy sweetness is the bitterness,
Thy grace the pang of sin.

"Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own;
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
And Thou rejectest none.

"To Thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains belong;
The wrong of man to man on Thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

"Who hates, hates Thee, who loves becomes
Therein to Thee allied;
All sweet accords of hearts and homes
In Thee are multiplied.

"Deep strike thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
Within our earthly sod,

Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God!

"O Love! O Life! Our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one:
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noon-day sun.

"So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in Thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

"We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

"The homage that we render Thee
Is still our Father's own;
Nor jealous claim or rivalry
Divides the Cross and Throne.

"To do Thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds,
And simple trust can find Thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

"No pride of self Thy service hath,
No place for me and mine;
Our human strength is weakness, death
Our life, apart from Thine.

"Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labor vainly done;
The solemn shadow of Thy Cross
Is better than the sun.

"Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from Thee is hell,
To walk with Thee is heaven!

"How vain, secure in all Thou art,
Our noisy championship!—

The sighing of the contrite heart
Is more than flattering lip.

"Not Thine the bigot's partial plea,
Nor Thine the zealot's ban;
Thou well canst spare a love of Thee
Which ends in hate of man.

"Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?—
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

"We bring no ghastly holocaust,
We pile no graven stone;
He serves Thee best who loveth most
His brothers and Thy own.

"Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
The joy of doing good.

"In vain shall waves of incense drift
The vaulted nave around,
In vain the minster turret lift
Its brazen weights of sound.

"The heart must ring Thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise;
Its faith and hope Thy Canticles,
And its obedience, praise!"

At the conclusion of this favorite poem of the gentle divine, Mr. C. A. Swisler read a touching tribute from the pen of S. Wilton Howard, a young Placerville poet:

'COME, EL DORADO, AND BURY YOUR DEAD.'

"His long day is over, his spirit with God,
His body at rest in the merciful sod;
A halo of Glory now circles his head—
Weep, El Dorado! Your shepherd is dead.

"Weep not, my brothers, because he has flown;
Grudge not his place at the Nazarene's throne;

For earth could not offer a bounty more rare,
And Heaven is brighter because he is there.

"But weep for the souls that will know him no more,
Un-piloted craft that are drifting ashore;
Forsaken, abandoned on life's troubled sea
To sink within sight of the New Galilee.

"He has walked in the pathway that leads us to God,
The pathway that Jesus of Nazareth trod,
And Christ-like, wherever he passed, there has come
The Peace of the Lord to a desolate home.

"He has succored the living and prayed for the dead,
Softening the words of the messenger dread,
The fallen uplifted, the stricken consoled
And the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre rolled.

"The Spirit of Christ he has shown to the world,
And bravely the Standard of Right, he unfurled.
Now, take up his work where his hand laid it down
And prove that you love him by keeping his Crown.

"You must carry the banner he carried so far,
That nothing of sorrow, his glory may mar;
And when all your promise of service is said,
Come, El Dorado, and bury your dead:

"Fold his hands tenderly, place on his breast
The Cross of his Master and lay him to rest;
Lay him away in his cope and his stole.
Peace to his ashes and joy to his soul."

These simple and heart-felt lines, written by a young man who had spent nearly all his life in the town where the Reverend C. C. Peirce had lived so many useful years, had a marked effect upon the sorrowing people who now were here to see that "grand old man" consigned to that dark abode to which the mortal part of all humankind

must sooner or later go. And now the choir in accordance with the wishes of the departed friend, sang the well-known

“TEMPLARS’ HYMN.”

“He dies! the Friend of Sinners dies;
Lo! Salem’s Daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies—
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For Him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you—
A thousand drops of richer blood.
“Here’s love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see :
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
The rising Lord forsakes the tomb;
—In vain the tomb forbids His rise;—
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.
“Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliv’rer reigns;
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.
Say, live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;
Then ask the monster, ‘Where’s thy sting?’
And ‘Where thy vict’ry, boasting grave?’”

As the sad notes died away Bishop Moreland, in a voice vibrant with emotion, uttered the last benediction and farewell over his sleeping brother. Then many turned to go. Others remained until the grave was filled, and the beautiful floral pieces and sweet bouquets, remembrances

of young and old, were arranged upon the mound with loving hands. Then, silent, or speaking only in the subdued tones of sorrow, the living friends went out from that city of the dead, feeling that an irreparable loss had come upon them all.

Charles Caleb Peirce was forever at rest, there beneath the evergreens among his beloved hills, with the deep blue canopy of the California sky above the verdant trees, and Nature's voices chanting an eternal requiem.





CHAPTER XV.

IN MEMORIAM.

IT is a common, but most truthful saying that a man's real worth is never recognized until after he is dead. That fact is particularly applicable to the Reverend C. C. Peirce. After a few years of his devoted service to his fellow-men, the general public looked upon his work as a matter of course; and while they admired him in a negative sort of way, and always spoke well of him and defended him from insult and abuse, but few persons could see how far he stood above them all, both morally and mentally. His parishioners, with the exception of a few faithful ones, utterly failed to appreciate his nobility of character. As a rule they spoke very highly of "Brother Peirce," but they allowed him to preach Sunday after Sunday to empty benches, while they themselves remained at home or attended other churches. Had they used a practical, as well as a theoretical Christianity, by giving their Christ-like rector the comfort and support of regular attendance at his meetings, there would have been no occasion for the bitter remorse which mingled with their grief after the

saintly pastor had gone where tears availed him not. The people outside of Placerville, regardless of creed, a few loyal parishioners, with other townspeople, not members of his church, were his only real friends during life.

The reason for such a state of affairs is not hard to find. Charles Caleb Peirce lived and taught a religion of which many of the so-called Christian churches know nothing—the religion of Jesus Christ. While others talked of Infinite wrath and vengeance, this man alone, following his Master, spoke of the ever-enduring, all-embracing love of the Father of the Universe. While others told of the Christ and at the same time assisted in, or connived at, the oppression of the poor by the rich, his manly, sincere voice sounded over and over the Savior's warning to those robbers in high stations: "Ye CANNOT serve God and mammon!

While often failing to show appreciation of their unselfish rector by giving him the pleasure of their attendance, the parishioners surely cannot be accused of neglecting his material comforts. For many years the "Peirce Guild," an association composed of the women of the church, gave "suppers" and dances in order to raise the money necessary for Mr. Peirce's support.

As the Reverend C. C. Peirce preached, so did he prac-

tice. He showed his love for Christ by overlooking men's faults and exalting their virtues. He denounced mammon-worship and proved his sincerity by depriving himself of luxuries and even necessities in order that he might spend more to benefit needy brothers and sisters. In his will he bequeathed to his only living sister—Mrs. Wm. Mode of Coatesville, Pennsylvania—a gold watch she had given him many years before. The remainder of his personal effects he willed to his faithful friend, Mr. William Bland. His “pilgrim” satchel and some other articles he had previously given to a leader in his Sunday-School, Miss Alice Bailey. All he left in money was \$130, doubtless a reserve fund for gifts to his beloved friends in town and county.

According to custom, the Masonic and Odd Fellow fraternities passed eloquent resolutions of respect to their departed brother; but perhaps the most touching memorial came from the members of the Presbyterian Church of Placerville—a testimonial that is doubly significant in that it comes from the only church in Mr. Peirce's home which as a congregation did open homage to the sacred memory of a man whose equal cannot be found within or outside any church in El Dorado county. The memorial is as follows:

"WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His wise Providence, to call from the scenes of his earthly labors, to his final reward, our brother in Christ, Charles C. Peirce; and while we bow in humble resignation to the will of Him who doeth all things well; and while not being a part of that section of the Church of Christ, in which our departed brother labored so long and so faithfully, we believe his life was spent in loving service of the same Lord and Saviour whom we love and serve, and we feel it but a fitting tribute to the honored memory of our late brother in Christ, that we record our sense of bereavement in the loss which has fallen, not only upon his church, but upon the community at large, and that he, who for so many years pointed out the way of life to the people of this county, has but passed from glory unto glory, and is resting upon the bosom of that Master whom he loved and faithfully served. And as an expression of our feelings at this time, we therefore

RESOLVE, That as a body, we extend to our sister church in the hour of her loss, our heartfelt sympathy, and commend them at this time to the God who was for so many years the Stay and Guide of our brother,

And it is ordered that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the ruling authorities of our sister church without delay.

WILLIAM C. BURGESS,
FRED N. ROHLFING,
Committee."

Bishop W. H. Moreland, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese in which the Reverend C. C. Peirce labored,

and a man of true Christliness, in a Bible instruction meeting in Sacramento on Wednesday evening, March 25, according to the "Record-Union," declared that the late Reverend C. C. Peirce of Placerville would "be recognized hereafter as one of the brightest lights American Christianity has produced." The "Sunday Evening Leader" of Sacramento published a concise but true account of Mr. Peirce's life-work. "The Trestle Board," a Masonic magazine of San Francisco, said:

"Since 1861 until March 14, 1903, there lived in Placerville, El Dorado county, one of the most lovable characters of Christ Episcopal Church. On the day last mentioned his Master called him to eternal rest. While nominally attached to the Diocese of California, in reality the good rector was a missionary of his own volition, acknowledging allegiance only to God above, and Masonry below. He never received a salary, was never in want, and ministered unto a dozen or more missions scattered over the high mountains. He was truly a Father in Israel, loved by all sects and all people. He was a man of great learning, a lover of books, and was the possessor of a rare ecclesiastical and general library. It was a treat to meet him in his library and listen to his converse. No other such character lives in California today, and the very mountains will miss his footfall. Next to his church, Masonry was his love. As Prelate of El Dorado Commandery No. 4 of Placerville, he did more, much more, than the average Templar is capable of doing, in pointing the novitiate to

the cross of the blessed Savior as a means of saving grace. It was his natural place in the Commandery, and the Sir Knights of the mountain region near beautiful Placerville will miss him and mourn him, but they know he is enrolled in the better asylum nearer and closer to his Lord and Master, and in that knowledge they will find consolation. The good man has simply gone home, that's all."

Right here it is relevant to mention the fact that on the Easter Sunday following their Christ-like Prelate's death, El Dorado Commandery, No. 4, Knights Templar, out of respect to his sacred memory, observed their old custom of attending the "Church of our Savior" in a body. How they missed his familiar presence on that occasion no others may realize.

Under the title, "A Self-Denying and Steadfast Soldier of the Cross," the "Mountain Democrat" of Placerville said in part:

"Wonderful man! When in 1866, he exchanged the court-room for the little chapel that had been built for him on Coloma street, he had already made a sanctuary of every school-house in his loved and loving county. The invisible hand that for forty-two years led him up and down her trails and highways, had made his sacred mission, and what Bishop W. H. Moreland in his superb funeral discourse, so fitly and feelingly characterized as his 'unique and precious character,' themes for universal gratitude and praise by the old and young of two generations.

“Expressive words! and how feelingly uttered over the sainted brother, sleeping there in his own little church and in the simple drapery and serene ‘majesty of death.’ How truly descriptive of his vicarious and finished life-work! ‘Unique’ because there was among his sorrowing parishioners and popular following none upon whom his mantle could fall; no, not one. ‘Precious’ because so supremely self-denying and divine, as to have made him, living and dead, the best example of benevolent brotherhoods and saving humanities, in all the homes and hamlets of his kingdom on earth. ‘Unique and precious’ by reason of virtues and graces that dominated and crowned his unpretending and useful career, his example lives after him, to be emulated if not attained. In the language of Emerson, one of his favorite authors, it says to the people he loved and served and especially to the churches:

“‘Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.’

“That the funeral of such a man was a popular ovation to his memory, was to have been expected. A churchman without the taint of intolerance, all sects and societies paid willing homage to his exceptional virtues and blameless life. A scholar without pedantry, he is missed and mourned by all educators and schools of thought. The companion of children; he was the idol of parents, and with inconsolable sorrow all wept over the bier of their departed friend and benefactor. The champion of the poor and friendless, many came from far and near to reciprocate his devotion. A member of many fraternal orders and brotherhoods, he was a past master in all their work and rituals. A Christian philosopher who believed in his

Maker and worshipped him, from the 'Delectable Mountains' on which shepherds feed their flocks, he loved to look away to the domes and spires of the Celestial City, rounded and glittering in the depths of the clear upper sky.

"From the stricken homes of El Dorado, to the beautiful city on which he gazed so long and lovingly and in which all his treasures awaited him, the good and penniless pilgrim has gone to his reward. * * "

The other portion of this eloquent tribute is but a summary of what has already been described, and therefore it is unnecessary to quote further.

It remained for Mr. G. A. Richardson of the "El Dorado Republican" to write the most comprehensive review of the Reverend C. C. Peirce's life and character. In the editorial column of that paper for March 19, appeared the following:

"AN APOSTLE OF BROTHERHOOD RIGHTEOUSNESS."

"Rev. C. C. Peirce, the people's pastor, is dead. The news will sadden many a home in El Dorado county, where he came in young and vigorous manhood; where he lived for half a century without even lessening the esteem with which he was universally regarded; and where he finally passed away, happy in his perfect belief that all things are in God's wisdom for the best, and in the broadly benevolent spirit which extended good-will to all living creatures, leaving no room for the unceasing animosities and contentions that afflict the lives of nearly all men and women.

"Mr. Peirce was a clergyman of the Protestant Episco-

pal Church, but his religion was broader than the doctrines of any sect. He was the people's pastor—not because they always understood him, or observed his teachings; but because he struggled for their spiritual uplifting without regard to their own faith, and without expectations of their assistance in the mere construction of formal church organization. It was enough for him if he developed the love or admiration of Christ-like traits: the church and its machinery were secondary and trivial matters.

“Far behind all the pompous ceremonials and complex machinery of church governments that have grown into existence since the day when Jesus of Nazareth hung upon the brutal Roman cross, this pastor of the people saw the simple but neglected truth that the Savior, in his life as well as his teachings, was the absolute antithesis of the vanity and pride which today, as in all other ages, afflict the human race in churches and out of them. His whole life was spent in gently preaching against the silly vanity which makes one man feel superior to his brother because he has more money, a keener brain, a more prominent position, or a longer pedigree; which makes one woman deal haughtily with her sister if the latter be of lower worldly station and not an ‘equal’ in the code of social requirements; which makes the very children in the schools look down with contempt upon the unfortunate youngster not attired in whatever standard of excellence may at the time be expected in child-life.

“Against these feelings of incipient arrogance, which are the foundations of all the worst features of the ‘rank, caste and aristocracy’ to which he objected, Mr. Peirce continually preached. With him Jesus was ‘the carpenter!’ The Savior was a laborer—not merely a brain-worker—

but a hand-worker like the very humblest who earn their bread by muscular effort. Mr. Peirce was a prophet who saw far into the centuries yet to come and who, like older prophets, warned the people against all those myriad forms of pride and vanity that compel the human race to exist in warring units or in groups—man against man, religion against religion, nation against nation—instead of that universal brotherhood of mutually helpful and tolerant assistance which is the only real solution of Christ's teachings.

"It was this faith in the benefits of fraternal relations that caused Mr. Peirce to occupy the anomalous position of a minister of the Gospel who was also an ardent advocate of the various fraternal societies, in which he was an active member. He regarded these societies as aids, not hindrances, in the development of what he considered the inmost spirit of Christianity. His mind was keen and it is impossible that he did not clearly perceive the many shams, the inordinate vanity, and the absurd pride which mar the brotherhood of the societies just as they mar social relations everywhere. He saw these things, but he saw also that the societies in bringing men into frequent contact under relations that stimulated better thoughts were developing slowly the real brotherhood that Christ meant, even though the forms of brotherhood now in existence were such as would make the angels weep.

"Believing implicitly in this spirit of brotherhood and its obligations of duty to one another, and believing that these constituted the most essential features of the Bible and of his Savior's teachings, Mr. Peirce spent his life in trying to impress his faith upon those who surrounded him. Not aggressively or intolerantly, for a gentler soul never lived. But constantly—day by day, and hour by

hour—he was at his chosen work of trying to make the people see, as he could see, the simple but sublime truth that genuine Christianity means brotherly love in a form more pure and perfect than ever existed among the brothers of any family on earth. He studied the Scriptures day by day—usually in the original tongues of Hebrew and Greek—for he was a fine scholar. He was continually searching for and collecting those portions which best presented his great central thought of Christian brotherhood and humility. These he often re-arranged into tracts which he published himself and issued gratuitously for the good they might do. He labored in this as in all his other work of ministering to the children, without money and without price. Judge Williams once remarked, years ago, ‘Mr. Peirce is the only man whom I know that is not concerned about the dollar.’ His tracts usually comprised selections from the Bible grouped to express his meaning and he rarely interjected his own words or allowed his name to be connected with them. He was telling the people what God thinks of their doings, and he wanted the words to come from God and not from him. Gently, day by day, he held up before them the Savior’s character of loving kindness and told them to be like unto Him; to beware of greedy ambition and false pride in all forms of success, from the lust for power to the pride which apes humility; to remember that Jesus, with all his goodness, was not great as greatness is measured today.

“And what good did it all do? It is not for us to judge. It is something good, however, that Mr. Peirce has lived among us and worked for us even if we do not seriously try to follow him or his great Leader. The purity of his life and the unvarying patience with which he regarded all

possible forms of misconduct that came under his observation or within his knowledge, are worth much to us all if we would only consider them. If we only would! Why, his treatment of the weather was in itself a whole library of sermons; for never in many long years did this man who sought the good in life and not the evil—never did he have one word to say against the capricious California weather, as changeable as the waves of the sea, and as unexpected in its developments as the whims of a child. It was enough for Mr. Peirce that God sent the weather, and he accepted it complacently, hot or cold, moist or dry, north wind or south. It was all the same, for it was all good weather. There is something in this man's life that ought to give to all of us who knew him higher ideals. For this world is exactly what we collectively make it. It is a hell or a heaven as we approach in our own natures to devils or angels. Not until we all conceive some of the higher ideals that Mr. Peirce held before us will we have any better world to live in."

Such was the life and character of the Reverend Charles Caleb Peirce. I have not sought to deify him. He had his faults: who that is human has none? But if such a life as his was lived in vain, then was Christ Himself a failure, and the promise of immortality, which has been humanity's beacon of Hope ever since the wondrous Star of Bethlehem flamed in the Eastern sky nineteen centuries ago, is but a will-o'-the-wisp that for a time may glitter and delude, only to fade as the light of a meteor when mankind, its dupes, shall sink into nothingness.

THE END.

APPENDIX.

RECORDS OF THE REVEREND C. C. PEIRCE, ETC.

BAPTISMS.

First Christening: John and Eliza McGraw, Kelsey, June 7, 1861.

Last Christening: Alta, daughter of Thomas and Ada Hardy, Placerville, Feb. 22, 1903.

Total number of christenings, 772,

COMPLETE MARRIAGE RECORDS.

1861.

April 25, Placerville, William McCormick and Margaret McHugh.

June 20, Placerville, Peter Fleming and Elizabeth Jackson Jones.

1862.

October 1, Placerville, Christopher W. Hartsough and Mary L. Wheeler.

1863.

March 18, El Dorado, John Baldy and Elizabeth F. Wallace.

April 4, Ranch, John Carney and Katherine F. Edwards.

July 5, Placerville, Wm. H. Mead and Mary Ann Vincent.

July 8, El Dorado, William N. Muffy and Cornelia E. Pringle.

July 16, Placerville, Elon Dunlap and Sarah C. Knight.

July 20, Coloma, George W. Kinney and Elizabeth Mitchell.

September 9, Ione, Amador Co., Henry A. Chace and Charlotte E. Waite.

October 15, Placerville, James A. Corey and Sarah Rockwell.

November 20, Coloma, Paul Mitchell and Mary Ann Trimble.

December 17, 9-Mile House, Wm. J. Berry and Martha A. Coats.

December 30, Coloma, James R. Buffington and Mary C. Henry.

1864.

January 19, Smith's Flat, Stewart Anderson and Sarah Murphy.

January 28, Georgetown, Benj. F. Shepherd and Fannie A. Berry.

March 2, Placerville, John C. Johnson and Onoria De La Torree.

April 14, Diamond Springs, Robert B. McBride and Sarah D. Pringle.

June 9, Diamond Springs, Julius D. Jackson and Mary A. Coulter.

June 23, Placerville, Amos M. Freeman and Emma Keefer.

September 20, Coloma, Wm. J. Forbes and Mary C. Mitchell.

September 29, Rose Springs, Andrew J. Hare and Ella Hodgkins.

October 20, Morse's Carson Road, Kirke W. Taylor and Emily M. Sherman.
 November 3, Coloma, Oliver Merrill and Emma L. Trimble.
 December 25, Coloma, Elias Weller and Kate Borland.
 December 28, Georgetown, Hiram H. Fuller and Martha Hitchins.
 December 29, Smith's Flat, Wm. P. Carpender and Ellen Evans.

1865.

January 18, Placerville, Jesse Yarnall and Susie C. Caystile.
 March 13, Placerville, James S. Trowbridge and Angie J. Prothers.
 March 29, Placerville, Nicholas Stoffils and Elizabeth Nelson.
 April 20, Placerville, Philip Teare and Annie McBoyle.
 May 10, Placerville, James Anderson and Laura Rucker.
 September 3, Smith's Flat, John Bradshaw and Lucy M. J. Menafée.

1866.

January 1, Placerville, Daniel W. Chichester and Sarah L. Young.
 January 4, Placerville, James Durham and Harriet A. Ray.
 March 7, Placerville, James Akins and Frances Wax.
 March 7, Placerville, William Newton and Amelia Knopf.
 March 29, Smith's Flat, Isaac Newton Wilson and Eliza Manning.
 April 12, Placerville, Thomas Alderson and Agnes Blair.
 May 6, Placerville, John S. Fox and Emily A. Pelton.
 May 20, Middletown, Merritt H. Torrance and Alice Jane Clifton.
 July 23, Placerville, John E. Kunkler and Laura E. Duden.

1867.

February 3, Placerville, Mat C. Metzler and Caroline Walker.
 April 28, Placerville, Frederick Wm. Myer and Fredericka Delmeyer.
 April 30, Placerville, Henry Ollin and Laura Morgan.
 July 17, Placerville, Albert Rodemark and Emma Rhein.
 August 24, Placerville, Robert Oliver Turnbull and Cornelia Ellen Pew.
 August 28, Placerville, Charles Hogan and Clara Allen.
 September 10, Smith's Flat, William Woodward and Emma Saul.
 October 2, Placerville, Charles H. Leifried and Flora Stout.
 October 27, Placerville, John P. Cleese and Mary Ann Pfum.
 November 23, Placerville, Herman Echegelmier and Mary Uhlenkamp.
 November 28, James T. Weymouth and Annie E. Richards.
 December 18, near Placerville, Jacob Keber and Hattie Krahner.
 December 15, Placerville, Robert P. Fraser and Anna M. Estey.

1868.

January 7, Coloma, William H. Taylor and Eliza Schieffer.
 February 19, Placerville, Michael Mayer and Caroline Zimmerman.
 February 20, Coloma, Charles F. Gray and Elizabeth Cady.

April 5, Placerville, Richard B. White and Mary Jane Maynard.
April 13, Placerville, Daniel Fisher and Charlotte Krahner.
May 1, Placerville, Samuel Morehead and Alice Morgan.
May 7, Placerville, Charles A. Bauer and Fredericka Lauer.
May 28, Placerville, Albert Fleming and Libby Higgins.
June 26, Placerville, Henry Drier and Margaret Shaw.
July 14, Placerville, Albert Charles and Josephine Rudstat.
September 23, Placerville, August Koletske and Louisa Wagner.
December 4, Placerville, John W. Williams and Martha Jane McGee.

1869.

March 11, Smith's Flat, Frederick Benfeldt and Charlotte B. Thomas.
July 6, Placerville, James D. McMurry and Mary Davis.
August 23, Placerville, George Nelson and Virginia M. Knighton.
August 24, Irish Creek, Andrew J. Kennedy and Mary A. Lusk.
October 19, near Placerville, Michael Sexton and Sarah F. Toombs.
December 1, Bear Creek, Adam M. Melchoir and Annie Grover.
December 4, Logtown, David Williams and Augusta Smith.
December 14, near Placerville, Charles W. Childs and Ellen Hardie.

1870.

January 12, Cosumnes Tp., John Schneider, Jr., and Maria Calenberg.
February 16, Placerville, Christopher Harms and Elizabeth Gray.
June 29, Oak Hill, Green Fields and Frances A. King.
July 8, Placerville, Joseph Noe and Clara Ehat.
July 21, Spanish Hill, Joseph Blacklock and Lelia Amanda Taylor.
August 2, Placerville, John Kern and Louisa Rhein.
October 9, Pleasant Valley, Gilman K. Smith and Evaline J. York.
December 15, Fort Jim, Hiram Little and Christine Southard.

1871.

January 15, Cold Springs, Joseph Dobson and Eliza Jane Poteet.
February 12, Cold Springs, John M. Lotta and Sophia Miller.
April 5, Placerville, Ralph J. Van Voorhees and Jennie Kirk.
April 26, Placerville, William Wagner and Lizzie Ceder.
May 30, Placerville, Anselmo Campini and Mari Cinsalascio.
June, Placerville, Samuel D. Colburn and Curtis.
July 1, Middletown, Stephen Cocking and Minnie Clifton.
October 16, Placerville, Dewitt C. Benjamin and Mary B. Grover.
October 25, Brownsville, Robert L. Whitacre and Mary Jane Easton.
November 16, Kelsey Tp., Harvey Kelley and Mary Ann Eliza Martin.

1872.

February 15, Cold Springs, George A. Loomis and Sarah Lucas.
February 22, Diamond Springs Tp, James H. Berry and Hannah I. Clapp.
March 31, Cold Springs, John Wesley Killough and Elizabeth F. Poteet.
June 30, Georgetown, George Goodpastor and Josephine Harris.
July 3, Coloma, J. T. Freddy and Maggie Mahler
July 4, Placerville, Garrett J. Young and Jane Reese.
July 7, Georgetown, Joseph Whitesides and Elizabeth Martha Gibbs.
August 8, Cold Springs. John S. Moore and Lydia L. Bowser.
September 18, Placerville, Ferdinand Wertz and Elizabeth Motzer.
September 22, Placerville, John Hill Combellaack and Mary Selena James.

1873.

January 2, Jayhawk, Hans Thomsen and Wilhelmina E. Uhlenkamp.
January 8, Placerville, Anthony Smith and Mary Ann Leslie.
April 30, Eight mile, Wm. H. McGregor and Modest Medora Chapman.
May 18, Placerville, Seneca Davis and Kate C. Cannon.
September 9, near Placerville, Samuel A. Wolfe and Bertha Krahner.
October 12, White Oak Tp., Archibald S. Bosquit and Sarah C. Gray.
November 12, Georgia Slide, Theodore Schlenschen and Addie Holmes.
December 18, Pleasant Valley, George W. Phillips and Adelaide Burns.

1874.

March 19, Gold Hill, John Kirkpatrick and Elizabeth Kesselring.
March 26, Placerville, Henry Stroup and Carrie I. Miles.
April 22, Placerville, Frederick Giamboni and Josephine Sartori.
May 27, Deer Valley, John T. Coan and Adelaide Uhlenkamp.
May 31, Placerville, James P. Creighton and Mary Isedeene Taylor.
August 5, Shingle Springs, Marion S. Granger and Mary Eleanor Heron.
August 15, Pleasant Valley, William Webb and Mattie E. Norris.
November 26, Placerville. Joseph Holcomb and Elizabeth Cleveland.
December 16, Latrobe, George Henry Myers and Willietta T. Bryant.
December 16, Latrobe, William Newman and Amelia M. G. Miller.
December 25, 8-Mile Ranch, Morris G. Bradley and Mary Emma Gregory.

1875.

February 16, Missouri Flat, Robert C. Gilbert and Sarah Bryan.
February 20, White Oak Tp., Francis M. Coval and Susan E. Spencer.
March 3, 6-Mile House, Egbert L. Wilson and Mary California Thaler.
March 25, Gray's Flat, John L. Houx and Mary Viola Gray.
April 29, near Placerville, William Henry Secombe and Mary J. Pascoe.
April 29, El Dorado, James Caleb Cutler and Frances Helen Yeadon.
May 1, Missouri Flat, Charles Allen Worth and Mary C. Burns.

May 19, Placerville, Ferdinand L. Van De Mark and Ella M. Wonderlich.
May 26, El Dorado, Charles Henry Pavey and Ida Kate Morrelle.
June 14, Placerville, Gilbert Hicks and Magdalena Hunger.
June 22, near Shingle Springs, Henry Goodsell, Jr. and Minnie A. Bennett.
November 21, Placerville, Richard Maynaye and Elizabeth P. Sargent.
December 23, Placerville, Francis Teague and Ellen E. Sampson.

1876.

January 19, Placerville, Benj. D. Mason and Elizabeth T. Zimmerman.
January 25, Smith's Flat, Seth Gibson Beach and Lelia Blacklock.
February 3, near Pleasant Valley, Frank H. Rigby and Elizabeth Clapp.
February 20, Cold Springs, John S. Miller and Louisa Wax.
March 1, near Shingle Springs, Alonzo E. Graham and Agnes Bell.
March 1, Wisconsin Flat, George Gregory and Alma Cornelius.
April 19, near Pleasant Valley, Thos. H. Young and Flora A. Williams.
May 19, Plymouth, Amador Co., John F. Davis and Lillie Hill.
June 19, Placerville, Henry Yarick and Mrs. Emeline Whitaker.
July 2, Whiterock, James Loten Forbes and Ellen J. Toombs.
July 8, near Diamond Springs, Carl J. Hermann and Glendora B. Morrill.
July 12, near Middletown, Andrew J. Christie and Anne E. B. Wentworth.
July 15, Placerville, Hiram Edwin Blakeley and Barbara M. Scott.
July 20, near Pleasant Valley, Henry E. Richardson and Georgia Brewer.
July 23, Coon Hollow, William Weyman and Annette Wilton Monson.
September 14, Deer Valley, John S. Wulff and Annie C. Smith.
September 17, Missouri Flat, John Brown and Jennie Bowman.
September 20, Placerville, Alexander Wilson Lee and Virginia Bean.
September 20, Placerville, Michael Bergantz and Susan Miller.
November 13, Placerville, William H. Hooper and Emma Davis.
November 26, Placerville, Clarence E. Duden and Sarah Jane Dugan.
December 12, near Shingle Springs, Nicholas Gafney and Ellen Eagen.
December 25, Coloma, Albert Bertelsen and Jane Gray.

1877.

January 1, Placerville, Thomas E. Williams and Mary Ann Reese.
January 15, Placerville, Jacob Mehren and Martha Gale.
February 11, Placerville, Shelley Inch and Carrie Ames.
February 20, near Gold Hill, Francis J. Veerkamp and Alice Wagner.
February 22, Placerville, Liberty P. M. Triplett and Ellen E. Brockway.
February 28, El Dorado, George J. Brown and Artie Hammell.
March 15, Five-Mile House, Arthur Williams and Emily J. Blakeley.
April 18, Missouri Flat, George W. Hanna and Sarah Palmer.
May 3, Smith's Flat, James McCrindle and Emma Sullivan.

May 8, Placerville, Andrew Harris and Lillie Gay.
 May 20, El Dorado, John P. Bissell and Sarah Alice Stevens n.
 June 5, near Pleasant Valley, Louis Reno and Magdalena Boarman.
 July 3, Missouri Flat, Thomas G. Worth and Lettie M. Gilbert.
 July 5, Placerville, William H. Harmman and Rosa A. McKay.
 July 14, Placerville, Cleveland Pilsbury and Emma Isler.
 September 9, Placerville, John H. Fuller and Anna M. Coombs.
 September 9, Placerville, Burdis C. Fisher and Nancy Jane Fuller.
 October 15, Placerville, James M. Lillie and Amelia Slayback.
 November 22, Pacific Springs, Morgan C. Nordyke and Alice P. Dobson.
 December 23, Placerville, Charles Sampson and Emma Boyse.
 December 25, Placerville, Charles Sibeck and Caroline Craddock.

1878.

January 9, El Dorado, John S. Drury and Catharine Jane Allen.
 February 3, Placerville, William H. Triplett and Emma M. Coombs.
 March 21, Placerville, Edward H. Duthman and Martha M. Wise.
 March 25, Diamond Springs, Ludwig R. Motzer and Alice J. Richardson.
 April 21, Placerville, James J. Blakie and Matilda Thompson.
 May 19, El Dorado, James Bullard and Sarah Allen.
 July 1, Smith's Flat, William J. Ralph and Ella May Bennett.
 September 1, Diamond Springs, Wm. Wiltse, Jr. and Sarah L. Carpenter.
 September 15, Placerville, Ellison L. Crawford and Dora Jones.
 September 17, Uniontown, George W. Yount and Lucy H. Lohry.
 October 5, Webber Hill, James H. Duncan and Martha A. Maynard.
 October 17, Missouri Flat, Charles W. Geoble and Agnes S. Burns.
 October 27, Spanish Flat, John W. Reese and Henrietta C. Roelke.
 October 31, Hogan's Ranch, James E. Dean and Louisa (Hogan) Eggleston.
 November 7, El Dorado, George Rust and Ellen Donhoe.
 November 16, Placerville, William Carroll and Lucy Kavanaugh.
 November 20, Placerville, Frank Freeman and Emma Alderson.
 November 30, Placerville, Benjamin Sherwood and Mary E. Sherwood.

1879.

January 1, Placerville, Milo H. Oldfield and Harriet Ann Johnson.
 January 16, near Latrobe, John Woodward and Alice Welch.
 January 19, Placerville, Pasquale Varozza and Margaret Capilla.
 February 18, Prospect Flat, George W. Steppe and Katie Rowland.
 March 13, Placerville, James H. Blakeley and Lida Ann Crook.
 July 3, Placerville, William G. Henson and Jennie Dick.
 October 29, Placerville, Charles M. Fitzgerald and Annie B. Veach.
 November 23, Placerville, Michael Mayer and Mary Vickery.

1880.

January 31, Kelsey, John Sipp and Augusta Seisnop.
March 11, Shingle Springs, Daniel T. Hall and Lizzie Sims.
April 11, Oak Hill, John Mell and Mary Smith.
April 18, Placerville, Newton J. McCumsey and Emma Evans.
May 5, Placerville, Alphonso J. Lewright and Lelia Gale.
June 2, Placerville, Albion P. Hall and Ella Long.
July 4, Whiterock, Thomas Swansborough and Mary L. Toombs.
July 18, Placerville, Francis Pascoe and Kate Kiene.
August 30, Placerville, Philander M. Webster and Katerina Stricker.
September 25, Smith's Flat, James G. Campini and Louisa M. Siviri.
October 31, El Dorado, Stephen Cocking and Louisa Dora Norton.
November 6, Placerville, J. Philip Pedroni and Rosa Zeuner.
November 24, French Creek, Harlow Johnson and Emma Crowther.

1881.

January 26, Placerville, Marcus P. Bennett and Mary C. Anderson.
February 19, Middletown, William Oates and Mary J. Clark.
February 27, Placerville, Jesse C. Fruchey and Sarah J. Young.
April 3, Placerville, Wendell P. Hammon and Gussie M. Kenney.
April 27, Salmon Falls, David Grant and Mary A. E. Backrath.
August 8, near 12-Mile House, John Dickson and Mary Butler.
September 8, Salmon Falls, Miner Adelbert Miller and Mary L. Gains.
October 18, Pacific House, Marco Marchini and Rachel Kesselring.
October 20, near Uniontown, James D. Borland and Annie E. Hume.
November 15, Placerville, Ira Albert Fouch and Mary Thompson.
November 28, near Latrobe, James L. E. Cothrin and Mary E. Welch.
December 12, Kelsey, Jerry Callan and Agnes McGraw.

1882.

March 2, Kelsey, William W. Roberts and Maggie McGraw.
March 8, Placerville, Charles W. Albright and Etta Morse.
March 12, Smith's Flat, Henry Brightman and Philura Urley.
March 13, Carson Creek, William D. Johnson and Philenia Lyons.
May 12, Placerville, Llewellyn Hansen Smith and Della McClellan.
May 21, Whiterock, John Reese and Jane Swansborough.
June 24, Placerville, Brie E. Carter and Maggie Shaw.
September 6, Placerville, Stephen Jeffrey and Maggie Driscoll.
September 24, Diamond Spring, William A. Kramp and Christina Theisen.
October 8, Placerville, William W. Stone and Olivine A. Gignac.
October 15, Whiterock, Thomas H. Ralph and Mary Lowse.

November 26, Kelsey Tp., James Moon and Eliza Kelly.
December 7, near Placerville, Thomas Clifton and Anna McCumsey.
December 11, Placerville, John H. Heffren and Emma C. Kies.
December 25, Smith's Flat, Samuel Taylor and Martha Murdock.

1883.

January 18, Coloma, David Hume and Edith W. Vernon.
March 25, El Dorado, Lionel Battersby and Margaret Johnson.
April 10, Six-Mile House, George H. D. Myers and Sarah Newell.
April 10, Six-Mile House, Joseph Rupley and Mary Lavina Olsen.
May 29, near Uniontown, Austin W. Gregg and Effie B. Cromwell.
June 4, Springfield mine, Clay Cantrell and Hattie Cotton.
June 6, Placerville, Edwin Christian and Lettie Fountain.
June 30, Placerville, William Lot Nightingale and Myra Porter.
July 17, Middletown, Orlando Kitto and Emma E. Coombs.
July 22, Placerville, Charles H. Myers and Lucinda Anderson.
September 25, Placerville, Meinrad A. Röhrer and Edith L. Vanderheyden.
October 3, in Salmon Falls Tp., James Crooks and Sarah E. Crooks.
October 18, Placerville, Christian T. Uhlenkamp and Elizabeth A. Wulff.
November 20, Deer Valley, Geo. Julius Pilliken and Lorretta E. Smith.
December 5, Placerville, Lewis C. Breen and Alice Tallman.
December 20, Carson Creek, Eugene M. Oakley and Martha E. Saul.
December 23, Placerville, George T. McNaughten and Jennie Stowers.

1884.

February 14, Placerville, Frederick Geibenhain and Mary Vandenberg.
March 23, Garden Valley, Frank M. Towne and Annie B. Fox.
April 8, near Placerville, Arizona E. Chapman and Emma Fales.
April 29, Placerville, John G. Woods and Mary L. Showers.
April 30, El Dorado, Edward F. Pfund and Mattie E. Knisely.
May 11, Placerville, Michael Mayer and Maria Vickery.
May 28, Coloma Tp., William Veerkamp and Sarah McKay.
June 1, Placerville, John Edward Brown and Dorothy Neiber.
June 9, Placerville, Thomas Oswald Hardie and Ada May Irwin.
August 26, Webber Bridge, George Williamson and Matilda Dunker.
September 22, Latrobe, Nathan L. Bachman and Elizabeth C. Miller.
December 7, Middletown, James Henry Oates and Anna Maria Clark.
December 8, Diamond Springs, Barnhard Schmittgen and Mrs. A. Wiss.
December 23, Michigan Bar, Nathan T. Carpenter and Minta F. Lowe.
December 25, Smith's Flat, Charles M. Henson and Maggie Potts.
December 25, Placerville, George F. Willington and Cora Maynard.
December 31, Latrobe, William A. Perdue and Emma Reibsam.

1885.

January 18, Reservoir Hill, William Davis Fowke and Luella Martin.
May 6, Diamond Springs, Henry G. Sanborn and Agnes Jean Bryant.
May 7, Placerville, Charles W. Dugan and Mattie Hanley.
June 24, El Dorado, Eli Day Clark and Hattie Fitzgibbons.
July 16, Placerville, Frank Williamson and Annie McLaughlin.
September 20, Placerville, William F. Fairchild and Frankie A. Plumado.
December 22, Logtown, Lewis Jenkins and Virginia Hill.
December 30, El Dorado, Hugh N. Smith and Annie M. Stackpole.

1886.

February 18, Deer Valley, Delmont Blair and Mary Ellen Smith.
March 23, Placerville, Frederick Van Vleit and Evalyn Nugent.
April 28, El Dorado, John Adolphus Fisher and Mary C. Knisely.
May 9, Oak Hill, Edward E. Twitchell and Hannah Jeannette Hoyt.
June 7, Placerville, Willis Clark Baker and Maggie Walsh.
August 19, Springfield, Charles Baumgardner and Lenna Cotton.
September 14, Placerville, Allen H. Philbrook and Mary A. Humphreys.
September 21, Green Valley, Alymer Pelton and Calista I. Harvey.
September 23, Deer Valley, Joseph Etzel and Agnes Fleming.
October 14, Deer Valley, Henry E. Beaumont and Pauline M. Dunker.
October 21, Springfield, William David Cotton and Mary E. Buys.
October 24, Blair's District, Silas Clarence Larsen and Zadie Davey.
November 10, near Clarksville, William H. Harvey, and Grace M. Ball.
December 8, Sportsman's Hall, Nelson E. Butler and Cora E. Hogan.
December 27, Placerville, Geo. T. W. Hill and Jennie Brown.

1887.

January 9, Spanish Flat, John E. Hollingsworth and May Smith.
March 13, El Dorado, James W. Paul and Lillian E. Roussin.
April 11, Diamond Springs Tp., John Wall and Nettie Eggleston.
July 27, in Lotus, Herbert A. Wood and Nellie A. Davies.
August 10, in Placerville, John E. Turnboo and Katie Stein.
September 8, at Spanish Flat, Charles Coombs and Laura Lewis.
September 10, in Placerville, John H. Skaggs and Mrs. Lizzie Waggoner.
Nov. 13, in Placerville, Wm. A. Giffin and Vina P. Foot.
Nov. 22, in Placerville, Albert L. Kramp and Etta Barlow;

1888.

Feb. 14, in Latrobe, Carl A. Carsten and Ella Riebsam.
Mar. 25, in Diamond Springs, Walter D. Carpenter and Jennie Gafney.
May 23, in White Oak Tp., Chas. A. Lorraine and Julia A. Rust.

August 15, at Glen Alpine, Geo. W. Pierce, Jr. and Susan M. Gilmore.
 Oct. 31, in El Dorado, Alfred C. Hammell and Sarah E. Williams.
 December 2, Diamond Springs, Robert E. Marshall and Maggie E. Springer.
 December 23, Placerville, Austin Votaw and Bertha Celian Rice.

1889.

January 13, Six-Mile House, Arminio J. Celio and Emma Myers.
 January 13, Placerville, Thos. Rust and Rosie Katherine Wubbena.
 February 10, Lotus, Alva Charles Marcees and Sarah P. Smith.
 February 20, Placerville, William A. Hampton and Mary Hunger.
 February 26, Placerville, John Lane and Mrs. Caroline Metzler.
 March 4, Coloma, Edwin W. Glassman and Jean M. Weller.
 March 12, Placerville, Lewis H. Pratt and Josephine Hofmeister.
 May 15, El Dorado, Roger El Dorado Sherman and Zay E. Stackpole.
 May 26, El Dorado, Joseph Gardiner and Annie Cocking.
 May 27, Placerville, Parker Aaron Brown and Carrie Best.
 July 8, Kelsey, August Seisnop and Mary E. Lawyer.
 July 8, Springfield, Joseph Stanley and Emma Donohoe.
 Sept. 18, Spanish Dry Diggings, Wm. E. J. Baughman and H. A. Buckman.
 September 26, near Georgetown, Anton P. Grasser and M. McCollough.
 October 12, Placerville, James Anderson and Grace Pratt.
 November 17, Placerville, Thos. James Potts and Lucy Smith.
 December 8, Placerville, John Chancey Beach and Alice Journey.
 December 19, Lotus, Ralph Louis Colwell and Hattie Morris.
 December 30, near Garden Valley, Benj. Curry and C. M. Hackenmoller.

1890.

January 1, Placerville, Otis L. Webster and Druscilla Berry.
 February 5, Placerville, Lewis Stricker and Eugenia Zeisz.
 April 15, Placerville, George Albert Luxom and Nellie Winchell.
 June 19, near Newtown, William Potts and Dora Rafetto.
 June 24, Coloma, William Fred Mahler and Emma L. De Lory.
 July 19, at Reservoir Hill, Asa W. Daniels and Mida E. Camp.
 July 23, in Smith's Flat, Joseph Rupley and Dora Bell Henwood.
 Aug. 13, in Placerville, Virgil Valentine Willis and Laura A. Staples.
 Aug. 19, in Placerville, Walter Henry Coombes and Sadie Ferguson.
 Sept. 2, in Placerville, Edward B. Morris and Birdie M. Winchell.
 October 1, in El Dorado, De Witt C. Morgan and Mary Elizabeth Moss.
 November 11, in Placerville, Charles G. Toombs and Caroline Rodemark.
 November 24, in Placerville, Walter E. Miller and Mamie H. Shoemaker.
 December 23, in Deer Valley, George M. Skinner and Anna A. Smith.

December 24, in Placerville, Charles J. Green and Louisa J. Rodemark.
December 25, at French Creek, Peter F. Herringer and Ella D. Brindupky.
December 27, in Placerville, William Ennor and Eliza Jane Higgins.
December 31, in Green Valley, Marcus Starbuck and Nettie Russell.

1891.

April 16, at Reservoir Hill, Charles W. Mariin and Lizzie Ward.
April 30, near Gold Hill, Oliver F. Golden and Callie L. Crawford.
May 11, in Placerville, George Spencer Ames and Minnie A. Perkins.
June 3, in Placerville, Arthur J. Mahler and Carrie R. Pratt.
June 3, in Shingle Springs, Thomas H. White and Susie Fitzgerald.
August 28, at Spanish Flat, Preston W. Smith and Sophia E. Roelke.
Sept. 1, in Green Valley, John Fleming and Louisa J. Rust.
October 15, at Diamond Mills, Charles F. Bryant and Isabella J. Ure.
November 30, at Pilot Hill, John P. Watkins and Catherine Grover.
December 5, in Oak Hill Dist., Horatio B. McCoy and Mabel Dena Voss.
December 23, in Placerville, George W. Hamilton and Ella Jean Dimon.
December 25, in Placerville, Michael Pfeifer and Lizzie O'Neil.
December 30, at Missouri Flat, William H. Shry and Margaret Burns.
December 30, in Blair's Dist., Thomas A. Hartwick and Maud L. Hart.

1892.

January 5, Placerville, Alexander Stronach and Mrs. C. McBeth.
February 15, Placerville, James Vandergrift and Ella Jenkinson.
April 7, Carson Creek, Sac. Co., Franklin Riggins and Emily Saul.
April 10, Placerville, Geo. W. Blakly and Maria Higgins.
April 30, Gold Hill, Joseph W. E. Veerkamp and Mary A. Marquart.
May 1, near El Dorado, William E. Richards and Zina Buys.
May 15, near Shingle Springs, Edward Regan and Lillie Davidson.
June 1, Oak Hill District, William W. Seeley and Lena Smith.
June 19, Diamond Springs, Lowden Larkin and Olive B. Morarity.
July 20, near Lotus, William Ehters and Lillie Richardson.
July 27, Placerville, Wm. A. McKenney and Jennie Berry.
July 27, Placerville, George Alderson and Clara Dunn.
November 6, Six-Mile House, Wm. H. Hawkins and Anna Rieber.
November 30, Placerville, Wm. A. Jones and Emma L. Kern.
December 21, Placerville, Charles C. Johnson and Ida Herrill.

1893.

March 19, Greenville, Charles J. Elliott and Mary E. Fenner.
April 5, near El Dorado, Charles W. Fox and Hulda Neilson.
May 6, Placerville, U. S. Grant Blakeley and Ellen Burrows.
June 1, Whiterock, Harrison McBeth and Mary C. Sexton.

June 24, Placerville, Edwin D. Carpenter and Lillie Farnsworth.
July 1, Placerville, Emerson C. Alexander and Nettie Voss.
July 10, Placerville, John F. Meder and Lydia J. Rudell.
September 14, Diamond Springs, George M. Ure and Janet Macfarlane.
September 22, Pleasant Valley, O. W. Boles and Mrs. A. Twitchell.
September 27, Shingle Springs, Wm. A. Taylor and Lily J. Orr.
October 18, near Gold Hill, Albert W. Norris and Ella J. McKay.
November 29, Deer Valley, Alexander Cumming and A. C. Smith.
December 12, Deer Valley, James B. Wing and Lottie C. Wulff.
December 20, near Lotus, Wm. H. White and Grace E. Sears.
December 27, Placerville, George Rieber and Grace E. Davis.

1894.

January 1, in Shingle Springs, Charles Thielbahr and Lily J. Neal.
January 31, in Placerville, Charles L. Cain and Sylenda A. Dunstone.
March 4, Mosquito Canyon, Philip Mayhan and Caroline R. Summerfield.
March 21, in Oak Hill Dist., Harry Nightingale and Mary Best.
April 1, at Cold Springs, Charles Skinner and Daisy Miller.
April 4, in Diamond Springs, Louis Reeg and Bertha Barlow.
April 25, in Georgetown, Frank D. Branch and Lulu Bennett.
April 30, in Pilot Hill, Frank P. Hold and Ida M. Ewing.
May 19, in Placerville, Eddie L. Watkins and Mary White.
May 30, in Placerville, Edward M. Chase and Carrie Authorson.
June 6, in Placerville, John Alderson and Clara DeLauney.
June 27, in Newtown, Edward M. Christian and Tillie Ferretta.
July 4, in Pleasant Valley, Walter McKenzie and Aurelia Bruno.
August 15, at French Creek, George W. Penter and Viola Dugan.
September 8, at Springfield, Philip Pender and Ella Buys.
September 26, in Placerville, Henry H. Degelman and Serena L. Crosby.
September 27, at Live Oak, Albert Rust and Caroline E. Wulff.
October 3, at Springfield, Albert A. Hanley and Annie Pfeifer.
November 7, in Placerville, Henry H. Debnam and Julia W. Cappleman.
December 9, near Gold Hill, J. Fred Owen and Lizzie McKay.
December 24, in Placerville, Joseph D. French and E. May Fisher.
December 25, in Placerville, Kinzey L. Marr and Hattie Porter.

1895.

January 30, in Deer Valley, Uriah Stroup and Mary C. P. Wulff.
March 4, near Lotus, Joel Page and May Endriss.
April 10, near Gold Hill, Berthold Veerkamp and Maggie McKay.
April 18, in Smith's Flat, Fred Elliott and Mary Potts.

April 21, in Placerville, James H. Roberts and Millie Davis.
April 30, in Shingle Springs, Robert L. Kenney and Jessie Slocum.
April 30, in Shingle Springs, Edward B. Miller and Hattie Slocum.
June 2, at Whiterock, Harry T. Sylvester and Alice Hartley.
June 27, in Placerville, Frank James Goyan and Mary Esther Mayer.
July 4, in Placerville, William R. Bruner and Minnie K. Jinkerson.
July 16, at Oak Hill, William Maynard and Addie E. Bell.
July 17, in Placerville, Charlton Rosier and Clara Murphy.
September 10, in Placerville, Charles Gillenwaters and Mary J. Martin.
September 20, in Placerville, Charles Boarman and Alma Brindupkey.
October 2, in Placerville, Gus. W. Wulff and Mary M. Zentgraf.
October 22, in Placerville, Benjamin Robson and Mollie Childress.
October 27, at Oak Hill, William E. Jones and Mary Fausel.
November 12, in Placerville, James Dixon and Clara Needles (Vignaut)
November 28, in Placerville, Geo. W. Donahue and Hannah Alderson.
December 17, in Placerville, Geo. W. Allen and Emma M. Knights.
December 17, James E. Elmer and Grace Rohlfing.
December 23, in Placerville, Wm. E. Christian and Alice Stivers.
December 23, at Duroc, Robert F. Meder and Pearl Williams.
December 23, in Shingle Springs, Geo. M. Slocum and Carrie Stein.
1896.

January 30, in Placerville, John C. Porter and Lora Moore.
March 8, in Green Valley, Lewis A. Sprague and Lottie M. Wing.
March 14, at French Creek, George Greer and Katie Heusner.
March 18, near Placerville, William H. Albright and Laura Bishop.
April 8, in Placerville, Henry Decaillet and Mary Lyon.
April 22, in Smith's Flat, John A. Raffetto and Adelaide Creighton.
May 14, at Reservoir Hill, Bert Carpender and Millie Camp.
June 3, in Placerville, James J. Saederick and Laura F. Lewis.
August 19, at Oak Hill, Frederick Voss and June Shaw.
September 20, in Placerville, Leonard E. Houx and Ada E. Burlingham.
September 24, at Greenville, Robert S. McBeth and Laura Kathan.
November 5, in Diamond Springs, James Ure and Luella Carpenter.
December 2, in Kelsey, John McGraw and May S. Peters.
December 17, in Pleasant Valley, John Scheiber and Bertha Schneider.
December 24, near Clarksville, Hiram E. Barton and Daisy C. Russi.

1897.

January 13, in Placerville, John C. G. Stuart and Estella Bailey.
January 25, in Placerville, William S. Biggs and Eva Cappleman.
February 18, in Placerville, Robert J. Murdock and Maggie Fowler.

February 25, at Greenville, Lee T. Lovelless and Alice May Stroup.
April 27, in River District, William E. Brewer and Deaphine Sweeney.
May 5, near El Dorado, Perry L. Sherman and Julia A. Roy.
May 6, in Georgetown Tp., Jesse L. Lonsway and Ena Thomas.
May 7, at Big Tunnel, Walter De Varila and Clara M. Hammill.
June 8, in Placerville, Oscar P. Fitch and Gwendolyne Waddell.
June 16, near Georgetown, Robert S. Jerrett and Frances E. Schlein.
July 15, in Big Canyon Dist., Albert C. Wilson and Edith A. Penter.
August 4, in Placerville, Robert Dodds and Viola May Childs.
August 15, Diamond Springs Tp., Alexander Aden and Lucinda Springer.
September 9, at Reservoir Hill, John W. Crawford and Mary V. Vineyard.
September 18, in Placerville, Peter H. Peterson and Mrs. Lavina Gafney.
September 19, in Placerville, Christopher C. Burston and Emily Fleming.
September 29, in Placerville, Joseph Skinner and Dora Williams.
October 24, in Diamond Springs, Alexander Ilsohn and Clotilde Gianinni.
October 27, in Placerville, Albert K. Zwislser and George F. Anderson.
October 27, in Shingle Springs, Leonard E. Wing and Lora Wiley.
November 11, in Placerville, Shelley Inch, Jr., and Maud Nichols.
November 16, in Placerville, Ernest Zlomke and Olga Engesser.
November 21, Pleasant Valley, Albert G. Springer and Louise Schneider.
November 29, in Placerville, William Becher and Laura Flower.
December 4, in Placerville, William C. Fitch and Addie A. Griggs.
December 15, at French Creek, Adam Miller and Christian Entenmann.
December 16, in Smith's Flat, Alonzo Sine and Nellie Phelps.
December 22, in Newtown, Romeo C. Avansino and Adaline A. Ferretta.
December 22, in Placerville, Seth H. Jinkerson and Amy E. Leventon.
December 27, in Placerville, George M. Thomas and May Claussen.

1898.

January 1, Blair's District, John H. Bendfeldt and Frances Crain.
February 9, Pleasant Valley, Robert F. Blakeley and Amelia Miller.
February 22, Granite Hill, Edward Hancock and Jane R. Anable.
March 24, Green Valley, Philip Barker and Rosa Dormody.
April 30, Placerville, Wm. J. Richards and Hattie A. Ayers.
May 7, Placerville, Charles E. Norris and Lillie Wheeler.
May 8, near El Dorado, Edwin Greer and Nettie Cotton.
June 22, near Latrobe, Thomas Nightingale and Frances Bryant.
June 30, Diamond Springs, Lewis A. Davies and Clara M. Wilson.
July 16, Placerville, Henry De Spain and Clara Pfeiffer.
July 20, El Dorado, John A. Vance and Lucy C. Drew.

August 6, Placerville, Waite F. Rice and Mabel McCumsey.
August 17, Reservoir Hill, Mark M. Miller and Mary E. Slater.
September 21, Placerville, Augustus O. Lang and Luella Neidecker.
September 26, Placerville, Robert K. Hatch and Etha Coval.
October 23, Placerville, Jules Besse and Josie Ghigliotti.
October 23, Placerville, Ferdinand Pierroz and Emma Ghigliotti.
October 26, Placerville, Asa B. Rodman and Anna Melchoir.
November 14, near Lotus, James G. Mynsted and Dussolina G. Scolari.
November 16, Coloma, Wm. F. Galleher and Mabel Crocker.
November 29, Placerville, Herman Brown and Evelyn B. Davis.
December 11, Placerville, Wm. F. Lupold and Alice A. Hackley.
December 22, Taylor mine, Arthur M. Davis and Cora M. Kelley.
December 23, Diamond Springs, Antonio Pilatti and Nellie Hartley.

1899.

January 8, Placerville, John Skinner and Nellie Davey.
January 28, Springfield, Theodore C. Atwood and Marion Galt.
February 15, Boulder mine, Harvey Irwin and Mabel Ellen Michael.
March 22, near Pleasant Valley, Wm. Schneider and Annie M. Polly.
March 26, in Placerville, John G. Evans and Mamie Clifton.
April 2, in Cold Spring District, John A. Enos and Carrie Bergantz.
April 20, in Georgetown, Lewis H. Smith and Maud E. Shepherd.
May 18, near El Dorado, John Mengel, Jr., and Lena Bumgartner.
June 21, in Placerville, John Waring and Laura Neal.
June 28, at Cold Springs, Frederick J. Brandon and Mary A. Killough.
July 2, in Placerville, Joseph Daniel Hacker and Mary Virginia Catto.
July 3, in Placerville, Edwin M. Fowler and Eva L. Christian.
July 25, in Lotus, Albert M. Brown and Ella Bates.
August 10, in Placerville, John William Knapp and Estelle Bumpus.
August 15, Diamond Springs, George Hansen and Bertha M. Hunsucker.
August 22, in Placerville, Henry Willis Kates and Lilly May Wemmer.
September 27, Diamond Station, Samuel J. Stevens and May B. Masterson.
October 10, in Placerville, Lester N. Hancock and Bertha I. Stroup.
October 23, in Union Dist., Robert F. Zeisz and Lilla Camp.
November 1, in Placerville, Albert C. Fleming and Kathleen Maitland.
November 1, in Cold Springs, George J. Miller and Hattie H. O'Brien.
November 4, in Placerville, Joel B. Wood and Lillian Simpson.
November 4, in Placerville, Joseph Power and Grace Douglass.
November 28, in Placerville, Nels Markson and Annie Farretta.
December 5, at Missouri Flat, Henry B. Stroup and Viola Renfro.

December 28, in Smith's Flat, Richard White and Etta Sackett.
 December 31, in Placerville, Ernest H. Schalm and Mary M. Green.
 1900.

Jan. 1, in Springfield District, Benj. F. Hiatt and Nellie A. Galt.
 Jan. 3, in Green Valley, Wallace C. McBeth and Agnes M. Russell.
 February 5, in Placerville, Walter F. Kirby and Jennie Leachman.
 February 21, in Placerville, William M. Allen and Minnie E. Grover.
 March 19, in Placerville, Jabish T. Clement and Hattie M. Bates.
 April 7, in Diamond Springs, John W. Landes and Hattie S. McNeil.
 April 14, in Placerville, David Marks and Alberta Vandenburg.
 April 25, in Placerville, Edward Stone Blair and Maud Orel Bailey.
 May 1, in Pleasant Valley, George F. Ball and Susan Evalyn Miller.
 June 19, in Placerville, Richard Pitzer and Elizabeth Pallett.
 June 20, in Georgetown Tp., John Martin Buchler and Metta E. Behrs.
 June 27, at Salmon Falls, Frank M. H. Wulff and Ida Walker.
 July 4, in Placerville, David Bristol and May Cotton.
 July 7, at Bryant's Mill, William T. Eaton and Mrs. Minnie Eaton.
 August 7, in El Dorado, Noah Thomas Sturtevant and Lelia May Cutler.
 September 19, in Georgetown, Victor I. Forni and Mamie E. Vaughn.
 September 23, in Big Canyon, Henry McCuen and Hattie E. Wilson.
 September 25, in Placerville, Ferman E. Hoxie and Bonnie Oakley.
 November 3, in Placerville, Frank Warner Snider and Della Mynier.
 November 9, in Placerville, George A. Ruoff and Helen Hitchcock.
 November 20, in Smith's Flat, George Martin and Elsie J. Schance.
 December 17, in Green Valley, Jacob A. Harris and Addie Mae Coan.
 1901.

January 16, in Placerville, Thomas Conger and Maggie Crowley Hall.
 January 23, Garden Valley, Frank P. Qrelli and Marguerite Maggini.
 February 21, in Placerville, Frederick A. Barss and Grace A. Blackiston.
 March 13, in Cedar Grove District, Geo. L. Blakeley and Grace Van Vleck.
 April 16, in Diamond Springs Tp., Louis C. Pollard and Edna Flansberg.
 April 23, in Deer Valley, Francis J. Kipp and Carrie Leonora Smith.
 April 28, in Placerville, Elizabeth H. McNamee and Selma J. Hitchcock.
 May 8, in Placerville, Joseph Emil Joerger and Mabel Clare Tong.
 July 17, in Placerville, T. Asa Fleck and Clara M. Lake.
 September 8, in Placerville, Wm. Hugh Vaughn and L. Estelle Vignaut.
 November 12, in Clarksville, Wm. E. Waddle and Ella B. Joerger.
 December 4, in Placerville, James B. Blair and Erla W. Witmer.
 December 4, at Six Mile House, Geo. F. Cleese and Lucy Blakeslee.
 December 11, in Placerville, Charles F. Croft and Hattie Me choir.

December 16, in Placerville, Sidney Hamblin and Ida I. Sneider
 December 29, Diamond Springs, Frederick Bauer and Barbara Ilsohn.
 December 30, at Georgia Slide, Clinton C. Benjamin and Mary Beattie.

1902.

January 15, in Placerville, Peter Fox and Annie H. Barney.
 January 15, in Placerville, Theodore Linn Anderson and Nettie Bamber.
 January 29, in Placerville, Willam F. Montgomery and Dora E. Morton.
 February 12, in Green Valley, William E. Joerger and Nellie Skinner.
 February 15, in Placerville, Charles F. Trask and Polly C. White.
 May 21, at Fyffe, Erwin A. Shulmire and Nellie E. Jones.
 August 20, in Placerville, John Meyer and Anna L. Blick.
 August 29, in Placerville, Egbert T. George and Agnes Bullock.
 September 8, in Placerville, R. L. Honeychurch and Clara M. Dynan.
 November 15, in Placerville, Peter H. Sevey and Christina Mell.
 November 19, in Placerville, Bert U. Wentz and Martha Harder.
 November 24, in Placerville, Will C. Wulff and Mae E. Calyer.
 December 16, in Deer Valley, William Rust and Elizabeth M. Fleming.
 December 17, in Placerville, William H. Tanner and Sadie Hollingshed.
 December 22, in Placerville, Joseph H. Fuller and Lena A. Neal.

1903.

January 14, in Placerville, Charles R. Thomas and Mamie Fuller.
 February 16, near El Dorado, Benjamin L. Aymer and Jennie Graham.

BURIAL SERMONS.

First funeral sermon: Fred Van Fossen, Placerville, May 22, 1861.

Last funeral sermon: Edward Eidinger, Placerville, Feb. 23, 1903.

Total number of burials, 1385.

"In El Dorado county," (up to the fall of 1899) "the Rev. C. C. Peirce has attended, as officiating minister, at 1200 funerals. His registry shows that four died over 90 years, 37 between 80 and 90 years old, and 129 between 70 and 80 years of age.

"The services were in forty cemeteries. The number of burials in each locality are: In Placerville, 164; El Dorado, 145; Colcma, 98; Diamond Springs, 94; Smithflat, 48; Georgetown, 44; Shingle Springs, 36; Jayhawk Cemetery, 35; Pleasant Valley, 25; Latrobe, 12; Oak Hill, 20; Middletown, 20; Clarksville, 19; Kelsey, 19; Bryant's Station, 14; Cold Springs, 12; Rose Springs, 12; Missouri Flat, 10; Newtown, 8; Lotus, 8; French Creek, 7; Nashville, 5; Gold Hill, 4; Green Valley, 4; Webber Creek, 4. The other 23 were in various places."

RD-16





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